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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE.

From The Philadelphia Evening Journal.

It is a most unfortunate fact that a runaway slave cannot be arrested in Pennsylvania, and brought before our Courts for the simple purpose of a regular and impartial adjudication of his case, without its being made the occasion of a great pow-wow and hullabaloo by a parcel of pettifogging lawyers, who damn the cause of their client by their ignorance, folly and fanaticism. We assert, with deliberation, that such men as J. Miller McKim, Mr. Earle, Passmore Williamson, *et id omne genus*, would kill the case of any fugitive negro who might be so unhappy as to depend on their defence of him before any intelligent tribunal. Such advocates, besides their woful innocence of any legal knowledge, are too fanatical to act or speak upon any trial of the kind with common discretion and prudence. In their wild zeal for the universal negro, they forget the interests of the particular negro. Raving madly about the iniquity of slavery and the divine rights of man, they think and talk of everything else but the law, which secures the liberties of all those who enjoy civil and religious freedom under that government on which depends the political and social happiness of thirty odd millions of people. Mr. Earle, in his speech yesterday, had very little to say of the real issue before the Court. As to that, all the law and the facts were against him—and he knew it. But the case afforded a capital chance for uttering a mass of stale platitudes relative to those visionary abstractions which form the staple of Abolition Societies and "Republican Clubs," and, accordingly, Mr. Earle, and his associates, spread themselves, in the regular stump speaker's style, on the dignity and divinity of human nature. We were reminded of Burke and Grattan, of the Christians who fell among the savages of the Barbary Coast, and all that; but of the simple question of the negro's identity—whether he was the property, by law, of the man who claimed him—which was the only question really and properly before the Court—we heard very little or nothing. Mr. Earle, in the course of his very unprofessional harangue, made a characteristic fling at the merchants of our city, at the Democratic politicians, and at that portion of the religious community who pay a proper respect to the laws of the State as a part of their Christian duty, and, finally, he denounced the Hon. Edward Everett as a "miserable peddling Yankee, who travelled over the country peddling off an oration on Washington, in which he left out the brightest page in his history—the emancipation of his slaves." Now, all this was foreign to the purpose—was most unlawyer-like—was the merest balderdash and twaddle—and we are sure that, however much it may have delighted the infatuated men and women who regard the maniacal rhapsodies of Wendell Phillips, Lloyd Garrison and their brother lunatics as the height of rationality and eloquence, it offended and disgusted the sense of all sober and sound-minded people. What a pity it is that the negro, who merits, at least, the kind consideration of every humane heart, and who should have his legal rights scrupulously respected by every judicial officer, should be made a subject of public scorn, by the folly of his advocates, and be doomed to suffer even injustice, through the weakness and malignity of those who use him as a convenient means of political agitation and a theme of discourse for philanthropic charlatanism!!

THE SILVER-TONGUED ORATOR.

From The New York Courier.

It is a clever trick to start a rumor that a riot is threatened when an obnoxious speaker lectures. We will say nothing of its honesty. Wendell Phillips, or the Committee who hire him to promulgate his Abolition sentiments, have tried it with success twice recently. It attracted a crowd at the Cooper Institute, not so much to hear his eulogy upon Toussaint L'Ouverture, as in the hope that a row was to come off, and we fancy that the presence of a large body of the police disappointed both the lecturer and the riotously-disposed. A good noisy excitement, heightened by broken heads, smashed furniture and a conflict with the authorities, would not be a bad thing for Phillips; and it is a burning shame that his desire for a fight cannot be gratified. The people are wiser than they were ten years since, when Marshal Rynders and his associates broke up the Abolition meeting at the Broadway Tabernacle, and are willing to let Mr. Phillips have his say, whether it be to denounce the Constitution, sneer at Webster, or insult the memory of Washington by comparing the great Virginian with a blood-thirsty negro, or an ignorant fanatic like John Brown. They hiss occasionally, it is true, but, from personal observation, we declare that even this evidence of disapprobation is done very quietly and good-naturedly, much, we have no doubt, to the chagrin of Mr. Phillips. On Wednesday evening last "The Silver-Tongued Orator" was announced to speak at the Brooklyn Tabernacle. The trustees of the church, startled by the title of the proposed lecture, and misled by the reports that an organized opposition would prevent its delivery, refused to open their doors, and the Committee was compelled to seek elsewhere for a room. They were accommodated at the Athenæum, after having been snubbed at the Plymouth Church. Again the results of unfounded rumors of a disturbance were a crowded audience, a gang of policemen, some in uniform and others disguised as private citizens, and scarcely a single token of active opposition. Now, we would quietly suggest that Mr. Phillips is in no danger; that it was a gross insult to a respectable body of ladies and gentlemen, composing his audience of Wednesday evening last, to invoke the aid of the police to prevent a breach of the peace when there was no likelihood of one occurring; that the citizens of Brooklyn and New York are taxed for the support of the policemen, and it is rank injustice to them that these men are taken from their legitimate duties to aid in a most transparent fraud upon the good sense of the community. "The Silver-Tongued Orator" is a very able, talented, intellectual gentleman, who speaks so admirably that, though his matter is offensive, even the excitable are disposed to overlook it for the sake of his manner.

THE NEW YORK OBSERVER.

From The New Orleans True Delta.

There are editors in the free States who have ever opposed abolitionism in all its forms, and whose efforts to defend the South and its institutions from the attacks of fanaticism should be gratefully recognized by us. Amongst those who have thus shown themselves friendly to us are the conductors of that able religious paper, *The New York Observer*. I have been a reader of this paper for many years, *and I do not remember to have seen even the lightest condemnation of our institutions in its columns.* Its editors have visited some of the Southern States, and their letters from thence have borne witness how much they have been gratified by intercourse with their citizens, and a near view of their domestic arrangements. Having seen the slave at home, *they know how to appreciate the advantages and comforts of his position*; and the pictures which they have given of the workings of our system of labor evince that they have been sketched by no unfriendly hand.

SUPPRESSION OF FREE SPEECH.

From The Christian (!) Intelligencer.

The country has been notified that Wendell Phillips, Esq., was denied the use of the Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, for the delivery of his plea for the dissolution of the Union. The decision of the trustees must be taken as another evidence of the power of conservative sentiment—in fact, of another submission to the slavocracy. The Plymouth Church against free speech! This is a wonderful come-down from some of the boasts which have been made respecting that philanthropic establishment. But it shows that Mr. Beecher's conservatism has begun to leaven the lump, and that his conversion to orthodox views on slavery has resulted in the closing of the doors of his church against Wendell Phillips. So far, so good. Now, it would be pleasant to hear Mr. Beecher deliver a sermon on *Charity* before the Boston Tract Society, in answer to his impulsive, and thoughtless, and vituperative speech of last spring. It would complete the circle of his change. Perhaps the American Tract Society might persuade him to repeat the sermon on *Charity* recently published. Illustrations of the opposite of that grace could be easily furnished from the speech, in which the best men of New York were denounced as Pharisees by Mr. Beecher. He would gain great credit by recalling his abuse of Drs. De Witt, Williams, Magie, and their like.

Selections.

THE PERSONAL LIBERTY BILL.

ITS DEFENDERS IN THE ASSEMBLY.

[Unable to find room for the entire speeches of Messrs. Maxson, Smith, Barnett and Johnson of the Assembly, in support of the Personal Liberty bill, we submit extracts from them, as follows.]

SPEECH OF MR. MAXSON, OF ALLEGANY.

It is manifest that slavery, striking at *humanity itself*, towers high above all other crimes, and stands a solitary horror.

It denies and strikes down not *one* only, but every natural right with which God has endowed every human being, and for the protection of which he instituted human governments.

It stands, then, in the necessity of the case, a naked, branded and hideous *outlaw*.

There can no more be a *law* making one man the property of another than there can be a law for buying and selling the Great Jehovah, in whose image man was made.

Following these incontrovertible facts, by an inexorable logic comes the conclusion, that not a slave in all the South is obligated to be held as a chattel by his pretended master.

He has all the rights which any human being has, and among them the right to choose his own place of abode. If he prefer to leave the State of Virginia, and migrate to the State of New York, it is his natural right to do so; and any enactment that would restrain him is not, and cannot be, law, for the simple and sufficient reason that it trenches upon a great natural right; and the man that would prevent him by force is a pirate, for the simple and sufficient reason that, by might, and without law, he restrains a man of his liberty.

When, then, the fugitive sets foot upon our soil, he only exercises a right which God gave him on the day of his birth, and which, in the language of the old man eloquent, "the whole aggregate of human power, concentrated in one arm, could not take from him." Long deprivation of privileges can never work forfeiture of natural rights.

If Virginia has deprived a man of his rights for fifty years, his rights are none the less sacred for the rest of his life.

He stands on our soil as God made him, a free man, and none the less so because Virginia has robbed him of those rights for fifty years. The more he has been wronged, the longer he has been robbed of his rights, the stronger is his claim for exemption from robbery during the remainder of his days.

The great and first business of this State is to protect the inalienable rights of men. Here, then, is a man having never forfeited a single one of those rights—they all cling to him as when God gave them to him. Virginia did not bestow these rights upon him, and she can not take them from him.

Her claim upon him is the highwayman's claim, no more, no less.

Why, then, should not the State protect him? Why should not this Personal Liberty bill pass? In passing it, the State is only exercising her highest function, her most glorious prerogative.

But a vague and ill-defined plea of constitutional obligations begins to be set up. And what is this plea of constitutional obligations?

Have constitutions power to trample down and abrogate human rights?

Not at all. I have already shown that all laws, whether constitutions or statutes, that invade human rights are null. A community has no more power to strike down the rights of man by constitutions than by any other means. What, then, do the opponents of personal liberty gain, if they succeed in fastening the ineffable disgrace of slavery upon our great compact?

Slavery is no more *lawful* than before, while the Constitution, thus disfigured and disgraced, is made the laughing-stock of men and devils.

But we are read awfully solemn lessons about the inviolability of compacts, but what do men mean by this?

Do they mean, in this age of schools, of churches and of Bibles, to teach us that an agreement to rob men of their rights, in whatever solemn form that agreement may be written out, is binding? Do they mean that one man is bound to rob another, because he has agreed to?

Has the morality of the nineteenth century culminated in, this then, that a mere compact can convert the blackest vice into the most immaculate virtue? Let me say to these snivelling advocates of the rightfulness of robbery because it has been agreed to, and that agreement has been written down, that they have come too late upon the stage by more than two hundred years.

This drivelling sophistry will not bear the light of such an age as this.

The Fugitive Slave law is invalid, 1st, because it strikes down, in the most cruel and summary manner, the natural right of the slave to be free; 2d, because it has no foundation in the Constitution, since the "rendition clause does not refer to slaves"—but if it does, confers no power on Congress to recover them; 3d, because it tramples down two of the most sacred guaranties of personal freedom in the Constitution, the habeas corpus and jury trial; 4th, because it creates a tribunal unknown to the Constitution, and offers a bribe to this tribunal for sending men into slavery; and, 5th, because it requires, under heavy penalties, all good citizens to doff their manhood, don the bloodhound and go yelping on the track of the weary and way-worn fugitive; an act so mean, so opposed to every impulse of the human heart, and so defiant of the high command of Heaven, that the Code of Draco, written in blood, faints at the thought of rivalry.

God has expressly forbidden to "deliver unto his master the servant that has escaped" (*Deut.* xxiii, 15, 16), but has enjoined upon us to help the poor and needy, to deliver the spoiled out of the hand of the oppressor, to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and to remember those in bonds as bound with them, and to love our neighbor as ourselves. These, indeed, are the cardinal virtues of Christianity, and the very *tests* by which the Redeemer of men has declared that he will make the final award.

To him who has done these deeds of love, he will say: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto *me*."

But these very deeds of mercy, which so exalt the human soul and ally it to the divine, this infernal enactment declares to be felony, and shuts the door up in a dungeon.

An eminent divine (Rev. A. D. Mayo) of this city has said of this act: "Unless I am destitute of the common perceptions of morality, and the common feelings of humanity, I am competent to pronounce this Fugitive Slave law an insult to the dignity of this sovereign State; a conspiracy against the peace of her unoffending citizens; a law that violates every principle of natural and revealed religion; a law that degrades every man who obeys it; which dishonors the Commonwealth which tolerates it; a law framed expressly to insult and override every cherished and sacred principle that makes New York a free Christian State; a wicked law which carries destruction, anarchy and sin wherever it is enforced."

What, let me ask, have been the workings of this act, so redolent of the fumes of Orcus?

It is a historical fact that the first man sent into slavery under it was a free man, who had never set foot in a slave State until this act sent him there. It is on record that again and again have the perjured instruments of this law rent away free colored men into slavery. It strikes down every single safeguard which the Constitution has reared around their personal freedom, and leaves them at the mercy of the kidnapper.

The *pretended* trial is the most solemn and impious mockery that ever insulted the sacred name of justice. The most momentous question that ever was adjudicated in the great court of the Eternal, the only court capable of trying it, is brought before the meanest, the most incompetent and contemptible tribunal that ever stole the livery of heaven to serve the devil in.

This little two-penny commissioner is to summarily settle the great question of freedom, on the affidavit of a man-stealer in a distant State, and on such evidence, without trial by jury, without habeas corpus to stay proceedings, the victim is to be hurried away to slavery, and the wretch who thus consigns himself to a doom ten times worse than death is to be paid *ten dollars* for thus dooming him, whereas he would have received only five if he had not done it.

Language wearies in the effort to reveal the enormity of such a proceeding, and yet to such insult is the State of New York constantly subjected, and to such indignity and danger are thousands of her citizens exposed. Will she longer submit that her soil shall be the hunting-ground of the slave-catcher?

From every land on the face of God's earth come flocking hither the fugitives from oppression. We open wide our arms and bid them sit in peace under our vine and fig tree.

We read and grow enraptured over the adventures of innocent men and women escaping from oppression in other lands, and we teach our children to read these most thrilling episodes in the world's history.

But here, on our own soil, deeds of heroism which put history to shame are transpiring every day.

The North star every night is looked upon by scores of fugitives, braving every danger, defying every peril, enduring hunger and cold, fording rivers and wading marshes by night, and lying concealed in thickets by day, and all for the love of freedom! While all along these weary marches, in these thickets, beside these rivers, lie the bones of heroes and heroines, who have been borne on the shoulders of their companions until nature gave out, when they sank to rise no more, and the last sound that ever fell upon their ear was the hasty *farewell*, mingled with the deep baying of the fast-coming bloodhound.

Oh what scenes are these for a Christian State and nation to tolerate!

See that heroic mother, Margaret Garner, as she gathers her four little ones around her, prays to the God of the oppressed, points them to the North star, and starts for freedom.

Follow her as she conducts her little flock through rugged paths by night, and hides them in caves by day. Taking from herself almost the last rag to cover them, and gathering roots and berries to feed them, until at length weary, worn and half starved, but heroic and hopeful, she sits her dear little flock down on the soil of a free State, as she thought. But no, the hounds were on her track. In the metropolis of Ohio she was caught. She gathered up all the unspent courage of a mother's heart, and fought, heroically fought for herself and children, until fighting was vain; and then, with one wild, frantic effort, she seized her youngest born, chose the dreadful alternative, and with one stroke of her knife gave it back to God, and resigned herself and remaining children to slavery and despair.

And this was in America. It was the chivalric republic of America that hunted that poor woman and extorted from her that melancholy deed of heroism, which will live in classic story long after slavery and all its abettors shall have filled the annals of infamy and rotted from the memory of man.

Where does the proud Empire State wish to be recorded in that great history which is being so rapidly filled out with the records of this irrepressible conflict. For myself, an humble citizen of the State, I ask no prouder record for her than that, in the year of our Lord, 1860, she enacted that the moment a man sets foot on her soil, he is free against the world. And for myself, as an individual, I ask no prouder inscription for posterity to read on my tombstone than this: "He remembered the perishing slave—and voted for the Personal Liberty bill."

SPEECH OF MR. SMITH, OF CHAUTAUQUA.

The time has come, sir, in my judgment, for New York, in her sovereign capacity, to assert her independence as a sovereign State, and, by positive enactment, pass such laws as shall protect all persons coming within her jurisdiction. Sir, we make no war on the rights of men; we only ask, nay more, demand, that men shall be protected in their "inalienable rights"; this, sir, we have supposed to be the object of government; it was to vindicate this God-given right that our government was ordained; it is to *preserve* and perpetuate this right, that we simply ask this Legislature to pass this bill into a law of the State. And I trust, sir, that this Republican Legislature will not shrink from its plain, distinct and bounden duty.

Sir, it is the political tricksters of the North, the doughface traders, that deal with the rulers of the day, that are most to blame, and whom it becomes our bounden duty to rebuke. Our Southern brethren have some excuse. They plead precedent, habit, education, nay, more, are educated to believe that slavery is among the humane institutions of this government, and I do not propose at this time to underrate their zeal for the welfare of their peculiar institution. But, sir, the Northern man has no excuse; he can put in no plea but guilty. Sir, if the North was united, as devoted to the cause of freedom, and to free institutions, as the South is to slavery, our national troubles would vanish like darkness before the rising sun, our country become what it should be, free, happy, prosperous, honored, respected by all the world; then could we say truthfully that she is the home of the free, the land of the brave, the asylum of the oppressed and down-trodden from every nation and every clime. Sir, let us pass this bill, and, by positive law, vindicate the position of New York, place her where she justly belongs—alongside of Maine, Massachusetts, Vermont, Michigan and Wisconsin—which have, each in their turn, enacted laws guaranteeing the right of trial by jury to the panting fugitive; let the Empire State do likewise, and all will be well. Sir, I prefer to see bill No. 197 become a law, rather than the other bill, because in the former I can clearly see that it rests its main provisions on the Constitution of the United States, and there I am willing, as a Republican, to take issue. I think, sir, that I can see breathed throughout this bill the principle set forth in the first great law, the Declaration of American Independence, which declares that all men are possessed of certain rights which are inalienable, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. I can see in it, sir, the language, the sentiment and the spirit of the Constitution of the United States, and the Constitution of the State of New York, and all, sir, seem to chime together in unity, in trinity and harmony of purpose to maintain and defend the inalienable rights of man—rights, sir, that no mortal man nor human government has a right to abrogate, or call in question. That Declaration of American Independence, the broad foundation on which our government stands, explicitly affirms that liberty is the gift of God, is above all price, and before all law, and cannot be taken away. The Constitution of New York and the Constitution of the United States with one accord respond, *Amen*.

Then, sir, it may well be asked, how came slavery here? Sir, it came here without law—in violation of all law, by force and violence—by the force of might over right, and remains here to-day by no better title; and now, sir, we are called upon by the ruling power at Washington not merely to tolerate it, but to legalize it all over the United States. We are told that there is no power in Congress, no power in the people—no human power even—that can prevent the extension of this blighting curse all over this fair land; and to this purpose we have seen the Administration at Washington devoting its entire force, both civil and military, compelling all other interests to succumb to its hellish purposes. But, sir, we are told that we must not interfere to prevent the extension of this curse over this country; that will never do; that would be sectional. But, sir, who makes it sectional? It is the party in power. Sir, they have taken the aggressive, and claim for slavery all the land that joins it. They have urged on the trial, sir, and shall we fail to meet the issue? I trust not, sir. Let us meet them, sir, not at the threshold, for it is already too late for that, but, sir, before they take possession of the citadel, and say to the black monster, thus far and no further can you go in safety; let us pass this bill into a law of the State of New York, and I apprehend that one important step in the right direction will be taken.

Mr. Chairman, I have already occupied too much of the time of the Committee, and, in conclusion, allow me to again urge upon this Legislature the propriety of passing this bill into a law; by so doing, you will place the Empire State of New York where she justly belongs, on the side of freedom, liberty and justice to our fellow-men. The people demand this law, and will not be satisfied unless this Legislature puts itself distinctly on the side of freedom. I believe, sir, that it will be one of those steps to be taken which will prevent slavery from electing any more Presidents. The present one I believe to be the last of the succession. I hope to see no more Presidents, sir, that will proclaim from the executive chair that the Federal Constitution carries slavery everywhere, and that he is prepared to maintain the monstrous proposition with the army of the United States.

I again repeat, let New York assert her position, and put herself firmly and unmistakably on the side of freedom, of justice and liberty. Let us vindicate the soil of the Empire State from the polluting curse of the slave-hunter; and, at the same time, vindicate ourselves from being subject to chase and catch his human prey, and from fines and imprisonments for refusing thus to degrade and dehumanize ourselves. Must we still be required, in the Empire State of New York, to close our doors and our hearts against the panting, starving stranger, who seeks shelter and protection from the remorseless kidnapper that would drag him back to the woes of the plantation from which he may have escaped, and who is guilty of no offence beyond that of an attempt to assert his own God-given right to himself? By the Fugitive Slave bill we are forbidden to shelter or assist the forlornest stranger who ever appealed for sympathy and aid. We are required by absolute law to become worse than heathens, to shut out every feeling of compassion for suffering humanity. Fines and imprisonments impend over us for exercising one of the holiest charities of our religion. The law of God is defied; vice the foulest, the blackest, is exalted to virtue; while virtue, humanity and holiness are legislated into crime, and Heaven's own conditions of salvation are impiously reversed. Sir, I rejoice to believe that, by passing this bill, we can remedy these wrongs. Our constituents cannot be lightly turned away, unnoticed and unsatisfied. The time has come, sir, when the voice of humanity in our State cannot and ought not to be hushed. Therefore, let us, like men, meet the issue, assert our utter abhorrence of all human laws that compel us to violate the common law of humanity and justice, and, by so acting, assert the broad principles of the Declaration of American Independence, the letter and spirit of the Constitution of the United States, and of the State of New York, and vindicate our own State sovereignty.

SPEECH OF MR. BARNETT, OF MADISON.

Mr. Chairman: I know not what may be the views or feelings of members on this floor in regard to the bill now before us, or in regard to the grave and important rights and interests here sought to be protected and shielded from violation. I know not, sir, how honorable members here stand affected by the propositions of this bill. I have canvassed public sentiment here on this question very little, sir, but I think I am not wholly mistaken in regard to the deep ground-swell of that sentiment among the people of this State. I know not what considerations of policy or expediency may at this time be urged against its passage, as following the waves of wild commotion which recent events have caused to flow over our land; or as giving undue stimulus to the important questions we are to meet and settle during the coming summer and autumn. And let me say, just here, sir, in relation to this question of expediency, I am satisfied that it is always safe to do right.

It shall not be my purpose, in the discussion of this subject, to make any appeal to passion or prejudice, but calmly, and in the light of truth, to inquire whether the claims of humanity and the progress of the age in which we live demand, in this direction, legislation at our hands; neither shall I be be guilty of the great wrong of ministering opiates in this case, or of crying peace when there can be no peace.

Sir, this is not simply a question of commercial or financial policy, like most of those questions which have so much engrossed the attention of this body during so large a share of its present session, but one that strikes deeper than these—the right of man to himself, his right to his manhood. And I beg gentlemen here not to shut their eyes to the fact, that this is the great and almost all-absorbing question of this age, of this generation, thrust upon us for our decision, and upon it we must act, whether we will or no.

There is a class of persons, very speciously denominated "persons held to service or labor," not differing in their physical or mental peculiarities from a large class now in our midst, whom we recognize as citizens—many of them, indeed, differing scarcely in any perceptible degree from those of us who boast so much of our Anglo-Saxon origin—who, if they chance, in the exercise of their privileges, to be found north of a certain parallel of latitude, beyond the bounds of a certain imaginary line, in the direction of the north pole, are given up to the tender mercies of human bloodhounds, to be hunted back to the sunny South, to the goodly land from which they have so unwisely strayed in quest of freedom.

And who, sir, are to become these dogs of prey, these hounds of the chase? Are they to be imported, as were a class of animals in a former day, to scent out and hunt down the poor defenceless Red Men in the everglades of Florida? Not so, sir. They are reckoned to be in our midst, and ready, at the bidding of the Slave Power, eager to hunt the prey on the free soil of New York. I said they were reckoned to be ready for the work. So it would seem, sir, by the monstrous assumptions of that most inhuman of all inhuman enactments, thrust upon us more than nine years ago, known as the "Fugitive Slave law," which has been a standing monument of execration from that day to the present.

Yes, sir, by the provisions of that act the free citizens of this Commonwealth, aye, sir, every man, woman and child in this State, are commanded by the "*powers that be*" in this land to become "*slave hunters*"—to stifle their convictions of right, to ignore their manhood, to shut out and suppress all the generous impulses of the heart, to smother that sympathy which heaven has ordained in man, for his wronged and outraged and oppressed brother, and in their stead to substitute the feelings of malevolence and hate; and, on pain of fines and imprisonments, to refuse even the common offices of humanity in the way of food or shelter or rest, to the famishing, panting, weary fugitive from oppression, as, with imploring cries and uplifted hand, he begs of us for mercy. Sir, nothing more revolting, nothing more barbarous can be imagined.

And is it to be wondered at that this infamous enactment, when thrust upon us nearly ten years ago by our National Legislature, under the dictation of the Slave Power, should have so shocked the moral sense of the better part of the nation, not to say of the civilized world. The iniquities of this new device of oppression—its assault upon personal rights in the virtual suspension of habeas corpus—its daring invasion of State rights—its summary and cruel process of reception—its arbitrary requirement that all citizens shall serve the man-hunter at his call—and the vindictive penalties which it denounced against any who might be constrained by the dictates of humanity to disregard its infamous precepts—all conspired to bring down upon the people of the North a mountain weight of responsibility, in comparison with which all former pro-slavery Federal legislation had been as nothing.

Sir, this is not a question whether we will engage in the business of enticing slaves to escape from their masters. The bill under consideration gives no countenance to any such efforts, directly or indirectly. In this it is right. If any such efforts must be made, I would leave them to the individual convictions of every man willing to take the responsibility, and, if unsuccessful, meet the consequences. For myself, sir, I would say, I have never had anything to do in that direction; neither do I believe it wise or politic for any man to engage in that employment; but, if a fugitive, in his distress and in the assertion of his manhood, whether from Austrian despotism or from his Southern prison-house in America, comes to me in his flight, and is in need of food, and clothing, and shelter, and rest, and comfort, and protection, and means of further flight, so help me God, in my extremest peril, he shall have them all.

Sir, shall human enactments shut up our bowels of mercies for the poor, and forbid the wellings of Christian sympathy in the heart of man for his brother man? Impossible! it cannot be. All such enactments must and ever will be but cobwebs, when coming in conflict with those irrepressible instincts planted by God in the breast of every man, which impel him to assert the principles and prerogatives of a higher law. Sir, man everywhere the world over is destined for freedom. His march is irresistible. The only question is one of time. It must come. But woe to that State or that nation who shall resist unto blood. If that day shall come, there must be a terrible reckoning for deep and damning wrong to this guilty nation.

Let us not be deterred in our action upon this subject by any false views of policy or political expediency. Let no man here be alarmed by any threatened agitations or commotions which may erect themselves in spectre-form before us. We have long enough been frightened from our convictions by these apparitions. Sir, this is no time for the Empire State to quail before the enthroned despotism of this nation, sustained though it be, by judicial and executive Federal power. That State or that nation which refuses to protect the rights of the poorest of the poor deserves itself to be enslaved—deserves itself to reap the bitter fruits of its own injustice; and as sure as "God is just," and as "His justice shall not sleep forever," this nation, unless repentant, will ere long reap those fruits.

Let us, then, pass this bill, in justice to ourselves, in justice to every human being in this State, and millions of hearts in this land and other lands will hail it as an omen of good, a token of progress towards universal liberty. Let us plant ourselves as a State upon the immutable principles of right against wrong, of justice against injustice, of liberty against oppression; and declare to the nation, of which we are a constituent part, that while we are ready and prompt to protect and defend all just constitutional rights for others, we must and will maintain our own.

SPEECH OF MR. JOHNSON, OF DELAWARE.

Mr. Chairman: In my judgment the question now before the House is the most interesting and important of any that can come before this or any other legislative body. We are personally and politically, individually and collectively interested in this issue—an issue that overtops and overshadows the canal question, the prorata question, the questions of finance, of commerce, of education, of improvements—indeed, it is the leading question of the day. Without *personal liberty*, of what value are the graces and accomplishments of education? Learning only opens the eyes wider to behold the miseries of enthralment—wealth could not line the yoke with silk soft enough to prevent the galling effects of slavery—luxury cannot drug the soul into a state of happiness, while the body is a mere beast of burden, imbruted by oppression. I think no gentleman within the hearing of my voice would exchange the humblest poverty in freedom, with its crust of bread and cup of water, and bed of straw, and life of labor, for the most splendid slavery the ingenuity of man can suggest.

While I desire liberty for myself, I desire it also for my neighbors as well as myself. I could not sit in silence and witness the enthralment of the humblest of my constituents, or of yours, whether his skin was so thin and fair you could see his heart pulse with a love for liberty, or black as night, with the soul shining through it, as the stars pierce through the darkness.

I know your hearts echo with these sentiments. There is not a man here who would not say to the kidnapper, hands off; that is not a chattel; he is a man; he is a constituent of mine; he is my neighbor, and I am taught to love my neighbor as myself; you shall not steal him and put the yoke on his neck, and brand slave on his forehead. This would be the natural language of every American whose heart is in the right place, throbbing with noble impulse.

Did I not commit myself to this bill, I should be ashamed to return home to Delaware and look my constituents in the face.

The citizens of that county, whom I in part have the honor to represent, appreciate freedom, and they do not desire to hear the clanking of chains among their hills and by their river sides.

They do not limit liberty to the white alone, but extend it to the black—to men and women of every climate and complexion, irrespective of creed, or politics, so long as they are law-abiding citizens—and they regard even colored men as citizens, notwithstanding Judge Taney made an effort to repeal the law of God, and blot out the rights of a race in his infamous decision.

I repeat it, sir, I would not dare to return to my constituents if I did not make an effort to secure the passage of this bill. The streams unwinding from their spools of rocks would shout "traitor!" and the hills would echo with the rebuke.

I hold, sir, that man has rights derived from nature; that they are the gift of God, and that community cannot annul them. The person, while innocent of crime, must not be sacrified to society. The rights of which I speak preceded all human organizations, and that society was formed to protect them, and not to destroy them. That sense of moral obligation which exists in the breast of every human creature, be he European, Asiatic or African, brings with it a sense of duty, and repeats the beautiful lesson that we are to do unto others as we would have others do unto us.

The holy emotion that teaches what we should do to others, plainly teaches what others should do to us. The intuitions which restrain one class of men from injuring another class of men, command the latter to do no harm to the former. When conscience forbids the black to do harm to the white, it also forbids the white to do harm to the black. Conscience is not a local attribute to be used only once a week and in certain latitudes—it is a universal law of our being, and cannot be hemmed in by State lines, nor gagged by statutes, nor smothered by cotton. You may cane it, call it hard names, imprison it, hang it, burn it in effigy, baptize it with blood, bury it under thrones—it still lives, and breathes, and speaks, because it is the voice of God in the soul.

This is the Empire State—Empire in territory, in internal improvements, in wealth and in population; and God forbid that she should become a hunting-ground for masters, with creatures wearing administration collars on their necks, to pursue the panting fugitive flying for freedom!

Picture to yourself some slave, whose love of liberty has not been entirely blotted out, who believes, with Washington and Jefferson, that all men have an inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, turning his face towards freedom, and following the light of that lamp which God hangs on the blue walls of heaven, till he finds himself within the borders of the free States. But look again, and see just behind him come the master and United States marshals, and all the apparatus for hunting human game.

The slave, who has been running the gauntlet of bloodhounds and bullets, hiding himself in caves and dens by day, and fording streams, wading swamps, threading forests by night, feeding on bark and berries, or the crumbs of charity scattered along his perilous pathway, takes to his heels, or, as has been said, "prays with his feet." Hotly pursued, he hurries on to Valley Forge, where the blood of our fathers reappears in the wild flowers, and the purity of their patriotism is emblemed in the aroma of these darlings of the rain and sunshine. He hurries past Ticonderoga, where the spirit of Ethan Allen whispers a word of encouragement, in the name of the "Great God and the Continental Congress." On, on, he speeds through Saratoga, and over other battle grounds made classic in history, and finally he reaches the capital of the State of New York. The representatives of the people are here assembled. He dashes through the doorway, leaps over the gate, and, bounding down the aisle, he finally seeks shelter by the side or under the desk of my friend Powell. It is a mere accident, but he could not have done a happier thing.

Now comes the tug of war. The Speaker has issued no ticket to this lobby member. The House has passed no resolution granting him its privileges, and yet he is unmolested. Perchance some member hurls at him the statute book, but a friend of the oppressed wards off the missile; another flings the Constitution of the United States at him; another the Bible; another holds up the bugaboo of a dissolved Union; but still he is safe. The doorkeepers hold back the hunter.

The poor slave is spirited away upon the underground railroad. He reaches Niagara, and beholds the white cloud beckoning him to be free. He hears the waterfall shouting freedom, and he passes under the arch of rainbows to the dominions of Queen Victoria for liberty, for personal liberty. Humiliating, indeed! Fleeing from a republic to a monarchy for freedom!

Let us pass this bill, and nail our flag to the mast of freedom. Let us speak with emphasis, and say that our banner does not wave with stars for tyrants, and with stripes for slaves. Let us stand up for the honor of this noble State. Let us stand by the rights of man—rights guaranteed to us by the Constitution.

I stand by this bill, sir, and urge its passage, because it is right and just, patriotic, humane and scriptural.

Mr. Chairman, have we a right to peril the freedom of forty-five thousand colored citizens of this State? Is it right to convert the three millions four hundred thousand whites into kidnappers? Must we be subject to fine and imprisonment if we give a cup of cold water, or a crust of bread, or a refuge from the storm, to a poor slave? Are we to be compelled by law to aid the master to catch his slave, and help him with his human chattel on to the land of chains, and stripes, and slavery—hopeless, cruel, unmitigated slavery?

Is it fair for a quarter of a million of slaveholders to rule, with a rod of iron, not only the four millions of slaves, and the free people of color, and the five millions of Southern whites who would rejoice in the abolition of slavery, but the twenty millions of free people at the North also?

There is an "irrepressible conflict," not between the North and the South, but between slavery and freedom. Maine has unfurled her banner to the breeze, and declared in favor of personal liberty. If a fugitive slave shall be arrested there, the attorney of the State is to defend him, and the expenses of the trial to be taken from the State exchequer. The State and county jails and prisons are forbidden to be used as slave-pens; all officers are forbidden, under severe penalties, to aid in the arrest of fugitive slaves. A slaveholder, making an unlawful arrest of a slave, is liable to five years' imprisonment or a fine of one thousand dollars.

If a slaveholder takes his chattel into that State, that chattel instantly towers into a man, and the master is punished if he attempts to restrain this sudden growth into manhood.

New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Massachusetts too, that grand old eagle nest of liberty, and most of the middle and western States have made similar laws. Shall New York be less humane and patriotic than her sister States? The testimony of these States favor the justice and righteousness of the principles of this bill.

This act will lift a shield between the tyrant and the oppressed. It is right, because it respects the attributes of man, and defends him in the proper exercise of his manhood. It is patriotic, because it wipes from our State the stigma which marks the execution of the Fugitive Slave Code, and lifts our Commonwealth to the lofty position to which her heroism, her intelligence and her self-sacrificing devotion to freedom entitle her. It is humane, because it breaks the yoke, shivers the chains and raises humanity from the dust to the Deity; like the good Samaritan, it finds the slave robbed and bleeding on the highway of human life, and lifts him from the ditch, washes the crusted blood from the piteous and gaping wounds, and stands him on his feet, and stands by his side to shield him and share the blow that may be raised upon him. It is scriptural, because it comports with the Golden Rule, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

We do not want even the shadow of slavery to fall upon our fair State, and therefore ask for the passage of this bill, for the protection of the whites as well as the blacks.

Others may do as they please; for my part, I have determined the auction-block shall not be my platform; the slave-pen shall not fence in my sphere of freedom; the crack of the slave-driver's whip shall not deter me in the path of duty; the cuckoo cry of dissolution shall not drive me into humiliating concessions to slavery.

Let us unfurl the flag of personal liberty here at the Capitol, and fling its stars to the free winds, so that it shall wave in triumph from our walls.

DO THEY BURN NEGROES IN THE SOUTH?

QUESTION OF VERACITY—BURNING NEGROES AT THE STAKE.

From The St. Louis Evening News.

A few days ago, Hon. Mr. Van Wyck, of the State of New York, was making a speech on the floor of Congress, and in reply to the taunt of "witch burning" made against Massachusetts by some Southern member, Mr. Van Wyck said: "Does the gentlemen not know that your own people burn slaves at the stake? And it seems to waken no horror in your minds."

Mr. Reuben Davis, of Mississippi, hereupon sprang to his feet, and pronounced Mr. Van Wyck "a liar and a scoundrel," and declared his assertion to be "false," "utterly false."

Mr. Gartrell, of Georgia, also denounced the speech of Mr. Van Wyck as a libel upon the Southern portion of the Union, and declared his statement in regard to slave-burning to be "false and unfounded."

The New York *Herald* of the 10th has taken the matter up, and puts its mouth in the quarrel in the following style:

"It is within the knowledge of every man who reads the newspapers that that charge of slave-

inside, he set out at post-haste across the line of the slave State to the master's house.

It was only a bold stroke that could accomplish the purpose. He quietly entered the dwelling, unattended, and suddenly opened the door of a room in which he found the master sitting in a rocking-chair, and the slave woman standing at a table. The rescuer, in a very gentlemanly manner, cocked a pistol, and, pointing it at the slave-master's head, exclaimed,

"Keep your seat, sir."

Holding his revolver still in steady aim, he turned to the woman and asked,

"Would you like to go to Kansas and be free?"

"Yes, massa," she replied.

"Then get ready in five minutes, while I keep this man quiet."

As she was dressed with scarcely sufficient clothes for decent covering, her unexpected visitor asked,

"Are there any good clothes in the house?"

"Missis has close," was the slave woman's reply.

"Then open her closet, and help yourself to a decent frock."

The owner, on recovering from his first surprise, stopped rocking in his chair, and began to remonstrate.

"Keep rocking, sir, keep rocking!" was the rescuer's reply, uttered with most provoking coolness.

In a few moments the woman returned with a shawl and a pair of shoes for herself, and blankets to wrap around her two little children, and stood waiting for further orders.

"Are you ready?" asked her friend.

"Yes, massa," said she eagerly, "and the chillen too."

"Then bid this man good-bye!"

The woman immediately stepped out before her master (who kept his compulsory seat in the rocking-chair), and, flourishing her bright bandanna, exclaimed,

"You thought you was a gwine to take me down South; but I ain't a gwine for to go. I'm a gwine with this yer man to Kansas to be free."

The ludicrousness of the scene was heightened by the irrepressible indignation of the master, who cried out to his unwelcome guest,

"Do you call this a free country—where they lay hands on a man's property, bought and paid for, and steal it away before his own eyes? What are our free institutions coming to?"

The rescuer, without stopping to hold an argument with a man whom, at that moment, no argument would have been likely to convince, ordered the woman and her children to run out of the house and get into the carriage, where she would find friends waiting to receive her. He then bade his astonished prisoner farewell, and retired from the room, backwards, keeping his pistol in steady aim, until he reached the carriage. The whip was then cracked upon the horses, and the party were off with the speed of a French diligence for the Kansas line!—T. T.—*Independent.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1860.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

NOTICE.

A NUMBER of our subscribers who are receiving their bills about this time will observe that a fraction over the usual price of the paper is charged. It is proper to explain that this difference is made that the year for which they have subscribed may be brought in accordance with the year of the volume. For instance, a subscriber whose year expires April 2d is charged 24 cents additional, so that he may begin the year hereafter in May with No. I. of the new volume. The arrangement is both for his convenience and ours.

"FREE PAPERS" FOR WHITE MEN.

IN *The Congregationalist*, of Boston, of March 30th, we find the following item of news:

"The National Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations occurs this year at New Orleans on the 11th of April. We observe the statement that the Mayor of Troy will give the delegates from that city passports and certificates of character to save them from annoyance as Northern men among the chivalry."

Let us look at this "item," this fragment of American civilization and religion in the nineteenth century, and see if it (like that end of one bone which enabled Cuvier correctly to describe the entire animal to which it had belonged) will give us some material information as to the character of that civilization and that religion.

This "item" speaks of New Orleans as the scene of an approaching assemblage. Where is New Orleans, and what is it?

It is the focus of the most cruel, indecent and abominable excesses of the Slave Power which rules this country. It is that place, the threat of which (like the threat of the dark closet to a crying child) is constantly used by slaveholders in Kentucky and Virginia to frighten into submission those black men and women who have begun to find the burden even of the more Northern slavery intolerable. It is that place, the dread of which often turns the scale in the slave's mind, which has long been trembling between the horrors of slavery and the dangers of escape. To be "sold down the river" is the worst fate which even slavery can entail, in the apprehension of the victims. It is that undiscovered bourne from which no chattel traveller returns. It is that "lower deep," the tradition and dim apprehension of which cause the Northern slave to keep on trying to bear the brutality of Virginia and Kentucky masters and mistresses. It is the place where the question is coolly debated, by plump, comfortable looking gentlemen, mingling the advantage of profitable conversation with the enjoyment of wine and cigars after dinner, whether it is better to "use up" "niggers" by the exaction of the very utmost labor the whip can get out of them, and buy a new lot every seven years, or to spare so much labor and afford so much care as will keep them in profitable working order through their *natural* lives. It is the place, too, where the former of these alternatives is acted upon as coolly as it is talked about, by those whose ideas of pecuniary advantage incline that way.

Let us glance at another characteristic of New Orleans. It is preëminently, even above the other cities of the slaveholding region, the place where women are thought of, talked about, looked at, used, and bought and sold in the market, as articles of luxury! Where those whose beauty is eminently attractive are stripped naked to be sold at auction, without reserve, to the highest bidder! Where one class of women are regarded merely as *things*, to be *done with* just what any man pleases who has money enough to buy them; and where another large class—comprising many intelligent and highly cultivated as well as beautiful women—are debarred from marriage by the prevailing rule of manners and morals, and virtually compelled to be concubines (usually temporary and speedily changed) of the privileged class; the class to which the members of the New Orleans Young Men's Christian Association belong!

This brings us to another important fact in regard to New Orleans. There is there a "Young Men's Christian Association," so called. Its members become such by virtue of the following provision in its By-Laws, declaring two, and only two, requisites to be needful for membership.

"ARTICLE I.—MEMBERS.

"SECTION 1. Any young man who is a member in regular standing of an Evangelical Church may become an active member of this Association, by the payment of one dollar, annually. Active members only shall have the right to vote, and be eligible to office."

There are plenty of Evangelical Churches in New Orleans. But the Young Men's Christian Association is even more select than the Churches. For some of these Churches are composed of colored people, the class from which slaves and concubines are taken. Whatever else may be said against the New Orleans Young Men's Christian Association, it is free from the stain of admitting "niggers" to social equality. Like Dr. Baron Stow's Church and congregation in Boston, it is composed exclusively of "*respectable white persons.*" It is the very "cream of the cream" of genteel piety. Its members are, and must necessarily be, *high-caste* people. They are to the colored people of New Orleans just what the Brahmins in Calcutta are to the Sudras; just what Dr. Stow's church-members are to the Boston negroes.

If any member of the New Orleans Young Men's Christian Association chooses to walk down to the market after dinner and buy a concubine, or if, having one or two already, he chooses to send his children by them to be sold at auction, there is nothing in the laws of the City or State, or in the customs of the *high-caste* society in which he moves, or in the rules or customs of the "Evangelical" Church of which he is a member, or in the rules or customs of the New Orleans Young Men's Christian Association, to prevent it. All these have been carefully so arranged that he may do both these things if he wishes, without any of these parties having authority to call him to account. The members of the New Orleans Young Men's Christian Association, and of the *high-caste* "Evangelical" Churches, have agreed with each other, and with the rest of their *high-caste* fellow-citizens, that no questions shall be asked respecting the father of any slave-child, and that no colored girl or woman shall be allowed to give testimony, either in the Church (if she happen to be a church-member) or in the "courts of justice" (so called), respecting insults or injuries inflicted upon her by a *high-caste* man, even if *he* be a church-member. This *institution* is as carefully guarded and enforced by the *high-caste* "Christians" (so called) of New Orleans, as the imprisonment of black sailors who go to that port in Northern vessels, and the exaction of their "jail-fees" from the Northern captains.

Such is New Orleans, and such are its young "Christians," so called. And if the young Christians of Troy do not know this, they are less intelligent than the mass of the New York and New England population, before whom full and abundant evidence has been spread to this effect, on the testimony of official documents and of trustworthy individual eye-and-ear-witnesses, for ten years past, not to say twice that period.

The members of the Troy Young Men's Christian Association have not so large a liberty in manners and morals as their New Orleans "brethren." If one of them were known to keep a concubine, any brother in the Church, any brother in the "Association," would not only have the acknowledged right to interfere, but would feel bound in duty to do so. And the testimony of the concubine herself would be regarded as the very most important evidence in the case.

Nevertheless, as the rules of the nation provide that "*The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States*"—by which is meant that a New Yorker in New Orleans may have the "privilege" of *not* possessing a copy of Uncle Tom's Cabin, Helper's Impending Crisis, or THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, and the "immunity" of being fined and imprisoned, or tarred and feathered, if he does possess them—so the customs of the Church (and of those nurseries of church-members, the Young Men's Christian Associations) provide that the little local indulgences of church-members in good standing in the different sections of this great country shall receive full consideration and allowance. And they do, accordingly, receive consideration, allowance, and tacit acquiescence, even when the difference is so great as between Troy and New Orleans in the particular above mentioned. And thus it happens that when an annual Convention is to be held, of all the Young Men's Christian Associations in this great country, and a place to be selected for it, New Orleans is considered to have as good a claim as any other place, and the peculiar sort of Christians (!) cultivated there to be as genuine Christians as those of Troy, or New York, or any other place. So New Orleans is chosen as the place for this annual Convention in the year of our Lord 1860, and the members of the Young Men's Christian Associations all over the country choose their delegates, without a thought of making protest on account of the little peculiarities above mentioned, of New Orleans church-members.

But, since it unfortunately happens that, for four or five months past, the *high-caste* people of the South, church-members and others, have chosen to insult, assault, obstruct, and ignominiously drive back persons going there on business or pleasure from the North, *because they were Northern men*, it seems to have occurred to some of the Northern Young Christian delegates—not that the character and Christian standing of the young Southrons received any detriment from this fact! oh, no! but—that here was a danger to be provided against in the fulfilment of their mission. And it seems that the Young Christians of Troy have been the first to devise, as a sure remedy against this danger, the adoption of a safeguard hitherto peculiarly and exclusively Southern; the carrying of "free papers"!

Let us look again at the "item" from the Boston *Congregationalist*.

"The Mayor of Troy will give the delegates from that city passports and certificates of character, to save them from annoyance as Northern men among the chivalry."

We have not yet been favored with a sight of the particular phraseology of these "passports and certificates of character," which are to be borne by the young Trojan delegates as life-preservers (we beg that some friend in Troy will forthwith send us a true copy, with a list of the persons who are to use them), but the purport of them *must be*, to accomplish the intended purpose, that the whole walk and conversation of the bearer (Uriah Heep, or other), hitherto, has shown him to be well-affected to Southern slavery. Less than this would do no good. And if this be really needful for Trojans, the delegated Young Christians of New York, Boston, and all other Northern places, will require an equal safeguard. Their official certificates as delegates may be lodged in the trunk or the carpet-bag, to be exhibited to the clerk of the Young Men's Christian Association at New Orleans, on arrival there. But the "free papers"—the clean bill of health—the life-preserving certificate of the Mayor—must be kept in the hand, ready for exhibition to any Vigilance Committee, patrol, overseer, or patriotic, self-appointed individual Southron who, beyond Mason and Dixon's line, may choose to require the said Uriah to give an account of himself!

The Congregationalist makes no comments upon this paragraph. It is an item of ordinary news. Everybody knows already that our Southern brethren (and our Southern "Christian" brethren also) have their little local peculiarities! Besides, an editor cannot comment on everything, even of those things which he dislikes or disapproves!

True. But if our friend who is disposed thus to apologize for the clerical editor of *The Congregationalist* supposes that he would give to the public, without comment, a statement that Universalists were to be received as "active members" among Young Men's Christian Associations, or that the delegates from Boston to the New Orleans Convention travelled by railroad on the Sabbath in going there, he is very much mistaken. Slavery is a "controverted subject," and is to be treated tenderly in its relation to church-members. It is an "evil," no doubt! But, even if reckoned—perhaps—a sin, it is not to be placed in the class of "mortal sins"! At least, such is the fair inference from the treatment of it in the religious newspapers.

We would ask, in closing—Have the Young Men's Christian Associations in England, Scotland and Ireland any affiliation, formal connection, or official intercourse, regular or occasional, with those of the United States? Do they, too, feel disposed to fraternize with our Associations bearing that name, *including the New Orleans one*, as Christian? And if not, have they not a duty to perform in the premises?

DEFENDERS OF LIBERTY.—The extracts, on the first page, from the speeches of Messrs. MAXSON, SMITH, BARNETT and JOHNSON, in support of the Personal Liberty bill, will command the grateful attention of our readers. The speakers all seem to have adopted the views of the U. S. Constitution which are held by Gerrit Smith and many other friends of the slave; and yet we understand they are members of the Republican party, which repudiates those views and dares not even officially deny that the Fugitive Slave law is constitutional! We cannot reconcile their action with their theory, but their arguments, on ethical grounds, in favor of the Personal Liberty bill, are as unanswerable as they are eloquent, and we wish they might be widely circulated. The speeches of Messrs. Maxson, Barnett and Johnson (and perhaps that of Mr. Smith also) have been issued in pamphlet form. Of Mr. Maxson's we have quite a package for distribution among such as may call for them at this office.

If the friends of the cause would only supply the Committee at Albany with funds, these speeches, together with Mr. Powell's excellent Report and bill, might be sent into every town-ship in the State, and thus aid in preparing the people to make another and more earnest demand for the desired law, in case the present Legislature should fail to enact it.

THREATENED WAR IN KENTUCKY.

MR. JOHN G. HANSON, one of the company some time ago expelled from Kentucky for peaceful but earnest opposition to slavery, lately ventured to return to his former residence and to resume his business, hoping that the spirit of mobocracy and violence had so far abated that he might be permitted to remain. A great excitement, however, was the result. *The Evening Post* publishes the following private letter from Cassius M. Clay, explaining the state of affairs and showing how he has become involved in the matter. The letter is dated March 29th, 1860.

"Yours of the 19th is received. I have only time to say that we are in a state of war. The oligarchy were aiming at *me* in the expulsion of the Bereans from their homes, being in hopes that I would forcibly defend them, 'the radicals.' Defeated by my Frankfort speech, rallying all the conservative men to my standard, they churlishly gave in, yet fanning the discontent by garbling my speeches North, and circulating false rumors. Hanson's return to his saw-mill at Berea (where he employed many Republicans) gave new fuel to the old fire. I went there on Saturday, and tried to induce him to leave, telling him he would bring on a fight, and advising the Republicans to keep apart from the movement. The mob at once cried out that I was then plotting an attack. On Monday they met at Berea, insulted the people by searching the houses, and not finding Hanson, they provoked a conflict; several were wounded, and the Lynchers were *defeated*. On Tuesday they returned in force; but finding no one, they broke up the saw-mill, and swore vengeance against me and the whole party. In the meantime (on Tuesday) I spoke at Richmond, stating that I was and had been *for peace*; that I stood upon the ground of my Frankfort speech, and should defend myself and friends. The mob increases in violence; I lie upon my arms awaiting an attack; my family absolutely refuse to retire, saying they will run bullets, and aid, as in 1776. If driven into the woods, I shall attempt to hold my position as long as possible; standing on the Constitution, the laws and my right, I will defend them or die. The cannon at Lexington is sent for, and the Governor aids.

"Is this my cause only, or that of the American people? Is it to be vindicated in this way, and now? Shall I stand or fall alone? 'May God defend the right!'

"Your friend,
C. M. CLAY.

"P. S. My *daughters* are as firm as I and Mrs. C. C."

The following despatch contains later intelligence:

LOUISVILLE, Tuesday, April 3, 1860.

The Hon. Cassius M. Clay publishes to-day an appeal to the people of Madison County, against the Revolutionary Committee of that County, from whom he escaped denouncement by a small majority last Tuesday, and who were to consider his case again yesterday. He says he advised Hanson and his associates to leave; that he has discountenanced the Radicals; but that if the Republicans are attacked, they will defend themselves. His appeal embraces a letter signed by Frank Bland and George Holley, in which they say the troubles did not originate about Hanson, but because George West, who was sick of consumption, was maltreated, and his daughter insulted with gross language. Mr. Clay concludes as follows:

"You may be strong enough to overpower me, but you cannot drive me from the duty I owe to myself, to my friends, and to my country. If I fall, I shall not fall in vain; and it will be enough for all long-cherished associations, if perchance my blood shall atone for the wrongs of my race, and these States shall at least be free."

Private advices intimate apprehension of further trouble.

Mr. Clay's policy of conciliating the slaveholders and saving himself from their vengeance by consenting to excuse, if not to vindicate, the expulsion of the "Radicals" (meaning Mr. Fee and his friends), and by declaring that if the slaves should ever attempt to throw off their chains by force, *he* would fight against them, does not appear to work according to his expectation. Much as we respect Mr. Clay for many things that he has said and done, we must condemn as pusillanimous and cowardly his attempt to make a difference, as to the right of residence and free speech in Kentucky, between himself and those who hold that all statutes supporting slavery are void for immorality and injustice. Even granting that those who hold this doctrine are in error, Mr. Clay will find to his cost that he cannot maintain his own right of free speech while refusing to stand by their right to utter their honest opinions. He must make his platform broad enough to include them, or he will find it too narrow and too weak to serve his own purposes.

CLERICAL BLOODGUILTINESS.—The Rev. George Potts, D.D., is the Pastor of a wealthy and fashionable New School Presbyterian Church in University Place, in this city. On last Thanksgiving day he preached a sermon, in which, to conciliate the growing anti-slavery sentiment at the North, and offset his pro-slavery course, he adverted in a mild way to some features of slavery which he admitted to be wrong. The Doctor having formerly lived in Mississippi, his printed sermon naturally found its way to that State, whereupon the Natchez *Courier*, in a fit of indignation, disclosed the fact that, since he came North, to wit in 1853, he foreclosed a mortgage, executed to him 14 years before, upon 56 slaves and their issue, to secure a debt of $18,892 and 10 per cent. interest. The slaves were sold to satisfy the Doctor's claim in January, 1854, when he pocketed about $40,000, on which, we suppose, he is living at this day. What must be the moral condition of a Northern Church whose Pastor could, without scruple or danger of losing his place or his popularity, consign nearly a hundred of God's immortal children to the auction-block and coolly put in his pocket the price of their bodies and souls?

SAD BEREAVEMENT.—Many friends of the anti-slavery cause will sympathize very deeply with the Rev. A. L. Pryne, of Williamson, Wayne Co., in the sudden loss by death of his little son, aged not quite six years. It is but little more than a year since Mr. Pryne's oldest son was taken from his parents under most painful circumstances, and now this new bereavement has fallen upon them with an almost crushing weight. Mr. Pryne, after recording the sad event, and alluding to the previous death of two others of his children, touchingly says:

"Thank God! they are not slaves. No tyrant can blast them with his curse—no brutal overseer can curdle their young blood with his heartless cruelties. That would be worse than a thousand deaths. Painful as it is to close their eyes in death, and send their little forms cold and stark to the grave, we had ten times rather do that than to see them doomed to hopeless slavery. And in the selfishness of our grief, may God help us, that we may not forget the thousands of parents whose hearts cling to their children, with a love as undying as ours, and who have been compelled to see them plunged into the hell of slavery. No, our children are safely gathered under the wings of infinite love, and may God help us to be content, while we struggle on in the work of plucking thousands of other children out of the grasp of fiendish hate."

STATE SOVEREIGNTY IN WISCONSIN.—The following paragraph from the Washington correspondence of *The Evening Post* leads us to fear that the great body of the Republicans of Wisconsin are to be overreached by corrupt leaders in the approaching election for Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

"Advices received here from Wisconsin indicate that the Republican candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin will not be elected. Prominent Republicans from that State now here oppose the election of the candidate. Unfortunately the Republicans are divided on the question at issue, and as both candidates are Republicans, many of the more cautious Republicans will give their votes for Judge Dixon, at present on the bench. But the Booth case will not end here, even if Dixon be reëlected. When his term of imprisonment expires, Booth will sue the United States Marshal for damages, and upon that question the Judge, who is disqualified from sitting upon the present case, because he was Booth's counsel formerly upon it—I refer to Chief-Justice Payne—can resume his seat upon the bench, and a majority of the Court will at once be on the side of Booth, who will be sure to get his damages.

"Under these circumstances, it is expected here that Judge Dixon will be reëlected. He is the only one of the three Judges constituting the Supreme Court who is opposed to setting Booth free—and he is a Republican."

FREEDOM IN OHIO.—The Republican Legislature of Ohio, from which some expected so much in behalf of freedom, has adjourned, without passing the bills to prevent slaveholding, to amend the habeas corpus act, and to prohibit the use of the jails for the confinement of fugitive slaves. The editor of *The Ashtabula Sentinel* says "these subjects have not been well managed by their friends," but he does not explain why it was that "management" was necessary to carry such measures through a body in which the Republicans had a decided majority. The simple truth is that the Republican leaders are everywhere struggling to hold the party back from earnest anti-slavery action, thinking that the Presidential election is to be carried by a policy of conciliation toward the popular conservatism. The men who counsel such a policy would not hesitate openly to betray the cause of freedom, if they thought it necessary to do so in order to gain power.

CONNECTICUT, after the hardest-fought political battle ever waged, perhaps, in any State election in this country, has gone for the Republicans. The majority on the State ticket, however, is less than a thousand, while in the Legislature the Republicans have a very decided ascendancy, which ensures the election of a Republican U. S. Senator.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CLXVI.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent doubteth as to subject matter—But bethinketh himself of the Constitutional Union Convention—He disagreeth it and its elements—And speculateth as to its purposes and prospects—And describeth the Speakers—He giveth the Sims Commissioner wholesome counsel—And cappeth Mr. Saltonstall's story—And giveth the reason why Mr. Hillard's Speech was refrigeratory rather than incalescent—He recounteth the nomination of Presidential candidates, and the ichthyological inadvertence—Also his own preference—He reclaimeth his property and protesteth against feline felony—He is gratefully recognizant of the Convention, and concludeth, &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, April 2, 1860.

I HAVE not much to tell you this week; but I will begin all the same, in the hope that the letter will write itself, as all really good letters do. But, now I think of it, I have something to tell you about, a little out of the common. You know my proclivity for attending public meetings that have any spice in their making up; but it is a long time since I have had a chance at one. They have been so humdrum and cut-and-dried in these parts, since Republicanism got the upperhand of us all, that they have not been worth the time spent upon them. You may be sure, then, that I jumped at the chance of going to a fresh effort to save the Union, through the formation of a new political party. Its form only, to be sure, is new, as its elements are the beggarly ones of bankrupt Know-Nothingism stirred up with those of defunct Whiggery. But it was something in the way of a new sensation, and so I was on the spot to try what it would be like. Its object was, as you very well know, to respond to Mr. Crittenden's plan of a Union Constitutional Convention to nominate candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, aside from the two great parties. At least, I believe the original suggestion came from the Kentucky Senator, as his parting bequest to the country, as he was in the article of political dissolution. At any rate, the Convention was held, and your Correspondent was there to see it.

And first as to its *personnel*. The President, Mr. Silsbee, of Salem, and a few other gentlemen whom I knew, were Whigs of the Whiggiest kind as long as Whigdom was. Very worthy and respectable gentlemen they are, who having been accustomed to cleanly society, could not be content to herd with the Democrats, to which company they were necessarily relegated, if they could not make up their minds to join the Republicans. This constituted a very small but creditable staff to the meeting. Who the rank and file were I cannot say from personal knowledge, as I never saw them before, with an exception or two; but I was told that they were mainly broken-down Know-Nothings from this city and its immediate vicinity. The object of the more creditable part of the company undoubtedly was to provide a city of refuge to themselves from the dirtiness of Democracy, without having resort to the Republican camp. But the purpose of the mass, as undoubtedly seemed to me to be to help the Democratic candidate by providing one that might draw away voters from the Republicans. As an impartial onlooker from the gallery I was very clear that this was the explanation of the milk in the large majority of the cocoa-nuts below me. Herein, I think, they deceive themselves, by a false analogy between this movement and that which set up Mr. Fillmore in 1856. The Hour is a totally different one, and I don't believe, for one, that they can hit upon the Man to make it as malign to the Republican hopes as that conjunction of four years since was to the prospects of Fremont.

The Sims Commissioner, Mr. George T. Curtis, was the first man who lifted the light of his countenance upon the assembly. This unfortunate person evidently labors under the painful hallucination that his presence and opinions are an assistance to such movements as find favor in his eyes. He may rest assured that there is no political combination that would not rejoice much more exceedingly in his room than in his company. And this was very clearly the case, on this occasion, inasmuch as he gave it as his opinion (most indubitably sound, but sadly inopportune) that "we have got at this moment, in the National Government, an administration of a perfectly corrupt character." The "applause," which is parenthesized at this point of the printed proceedings, was of the faintest description. So it was whenever the succeeding chief speakers, Mr. Saltonstall and Mr. Hillard, indulged in the same line of uncomplimentary characterization of the Democratic party. It was very evident to a bystander that it was no part of the plans of the most of those there, to hurt the Democrats. They did not, indeed, any of them, suggest the probability of electing their own candidates. Mr. Saltonstall, to be sure, quoted Colonel Miller's famous laconism when ordered to take the battery, "*I'll try,*" and suggested it as expressing a state of mind proper for his bearers to encourage. I could not but think of the corollary Parson Sprague, of Dublin, New Hampshire (not Ireland), added to his assertion in his sermon on the power of Faith, that his bearers could remove the great Monadnock, which impended over their village, and cast it into the sea, if they had but enough faith. Casting his eyes out of the pulpit window and seeing how very big it was, he shook his head and added, "I don't know about that, though; *but any of you can try!*"

Mr. Hillard, who was the principal orator of the occasion, was even less acceptable to the souls of his hearers. For one word he had to say against the Republicans, he had ten against the Democrats. Indeed, he avowed that his chief objection to the Republican party was, not to its principles, but to its necessary tendency to deliver the country up, bound hand and foot, to the Democracy! How the formation of this Third party, which he did not believe could elect its candidates, was to hinder this consummation, excepting by helping to elect the Republican ones, he did not satisfactorily explain. His speech, *quoad* speech, was a good one; but it fell as dead as Julius Cæsar, or a doornail, or whatever is deadest, on his hearers. It was plainly not the entertainment they expected. In fact, it was sympathetic with Republicanism much rather than with Democracy. Now, the *animus* which informed that meeting, and which must inform the party, is necessarily hatred of Republicanism—not for what is weak and bad about it, but for what is best—for whatever it has in it of antagonism to slavery. And this is clearly developed in the bitter diatribes which *The Post* of this city, and the Democratic papers generally, utter against the well-meaning party, because of these evil-speaking leaders. The Democrats see that every mother's son that shall vote for the Baltimore sham would have voted for the Charleston reality, had it been out of the way. They have very little expectation or belief of its drawing away any considerable number from the Republican ranks.

After the election of the delegates, the important question was proposed, which was part of the plan of the inventors of the scheme, what two men the Convention should prefer of all others for the Presidency. At this critical moment, the numbers had thinned out sadly. The dinner-hour was past, and I am painfully apprehensive that pudding had more attractions than patriotism. I should have had this the very first business done, had I been consulted in the matter. But I wasn't, and the consequence was that it was badly bungled. When a nomination was called for, one Mr. Salmon—a very odd fish, one would think—called out for Mr. Crittenden, and the nomination was put and carried. As soon as the mischief was done, Mr. Everett's name was proposed and an effort made to put his name first, as the first choice of the Convention. But this could not be done, obviously, without a tacit reflection on Mr. Crittenden. So they compromised the matter by sending them up without any expression of preference—side by side, I suppose, "like two kings of Brentford sitting on one throne." It is to be hoped that some net will be devised to restrain the mischievous flounderings of this Salmon, which may have already upset Mr. Everett's boat. His nomination would have been one universally acceptable, for there are few men whom it would be more generally satisfactory to see beaten. I was disappointed myself, as I had confidently reckoned on hearing Mr. Webster's Statue announced as the first and only nomination fit to be made. It would reconcile one to its election to see it walk off its pedestal towards the White House, to confront Mr. Buchanan as that of the Commander did Don Giovanni—especially, if it never came back again.

I have two objections to make to Mr. Hillard's speech, one public and the other personal. He denied that his new party was a Union-saving one! He even said that he did not believe that the Union was in danger! I can tell him that his party is nothing if not Union-saving, and the sooner he takes the back track the better. My private and particular grievance is that he violated the rights of property by seising upon two animals belonging to me. Now, whatever differences of opinion may exist as to property in Man, there can be none as to that in Cats and Tigers, when they have been actually reduced into possession. Mr. Hillard, speaking of Mr. Seward's two speeches, says, "they are about as much alike as a Bengal tiger and the kitten at your fireside. They are both animals of one genus; but the one has X X teeth that rend and claws that lacerate. The other is a play-thing for your daughters." Now, in a letter I wrote you last December describing the Meeting in Faneuil Hall for the Protection of Virginia against John Brown, after he was dead, I compared it with the Meeting of 1855 for the Mobbing out of Abolitionism, and exclaimed, "Alike! I grant you alike in *genus*, but how different in *species!* As like as a tiger is to a tabby cat." I know that a correspondent of *The Tribune*, one Mr. Byles, whose depredations on my property I have had occasion more than once to reprehend, committed the same feline felony in his letter describing the same thing; only he tried to disguise them, as gipsies do stolen children, according to the Critic, to make them pass as his own. He said "the Meeting of Fifty-nine resembled that of Thirty-five just as a toothless old tom-cat does a hungry young tiger!" But, of course, this previous larceny does not affect my property in these beasts, which I claim to have a right to seize wherever I can lay my hands upon them.

I really don't know whether the country will have any reason to thank this Convention; but I am sure I am very much obliged to it. If it hadn't come along, I am sure I can't imagine what I should have done for a story this week. I only hope you will think it worth the telling. Perhaps something *will* happen within the next fortnight.

D. T.

Our Philadelphia Correspondent.

PHILADELPHIA, April 2d.

THIS city has been disgraced by another slave case, and the infamous Fugitive Slave law has found a fresh victim I make no pretension to the gift of prophecy, but, nearly a year ago, the occurence which I am now to relate was foreshadowed substantially in this correspondence. If you will turn to your Philadelphia letter of April 30th, 1859, you will find, in an account of the trial of Daniel Webster, which had just then taken place, a paragraph to the following effect:

"It would not be surprising, in spite of our hopes to the contrary, if Philadelphia were to be the scene, and that before a great while, of another slave case. There are two parties that desire to appease the power that rules us, and both would be glad to make it an early offering. One is the Lecompton rump of the Democratic party, and the other the Market Street Jobbers who trade with the South. The former, represented by such men as U. S. District-Attorney Vandyke and Hon. Judge Cadwallader, will naturally want to put themselves right on the record before the sitting of the Charleston Convention. To do this, their policy will be to catch another negro under the Fugitive Slave law and put him through in the most summary manner. The thing will all be arranged beforehand, so as to avoid miscarriage. The man (or woman!) will be entrapped, captured, carried before Judge Cadwallader, or some Commissioner similarly disposed, and, by the snap judgment process of *prima facie* proof, decided to be the property of the claimant demanding him. This done, these men can go into the counsels at Washington and Charleston, and, pointing to the proof of their fidelity, claim their due reward. * * * * The latter class, the Market Street merchants, whose chief dependence is their Southern trade, fancy in their blindness that their interests will be best subserved in the same way; so their coöperation may be counted on whenever it is called for. It would suit this class to have at least one more victim, just to assure their Southern customers that Philadelphia can be relied upon."

It will thus be seen that this last outrage, though it has pained and shocked, has not altogether taken us by surprise. The facts of the case are substantially as follows:

On Monday afternoon, the 26th ult., a telegraphic despatch was received at the Anti Slavery Office, from Judge McKinney of Harrisburg, stating that an alleged fugitive had been arrested and was on his way by the Reading train to Philadelphia. Immediate steps were taken to be in readiness for his coming, and a committee extemporized to await his arrival at the dépôt. He was not in the train; the reason being, as it afterwards proved, that the party having him in charge, from fear of a rescue, had concluded to come by another route. The next morning the papers divulged the following facts:

On Sunday night (the 25th ult.), at 11 o'clock, Deputy Marshals Jenkins and Sharkey left Philadelphia for Harrisburg with a writ for the apprehension of a man named Moses Horner, claimed as the property of Charles T. Butler, of Jefferson County, Virginia. These adepts had no great difficulty in scenting out their prey. They found him working alone on a clearing, the property of Mr. Joseph Gray, with whom he was living, about four miles from the town of Harrisburg. They arrested and manacled him, and were about proceeding to a station on the Reading Railroad, a short distance off, when they learned that a number of blacks and others were taking steps for a rescue; so they changed their course, and started on foot for Middletown, a station on the Pennsylvania Railroad, about eight miles distant. Arriving there, they took the evening train, and would have reached Philadelphia at 11 o'clock but for an accident, which delayed them, and for awhile threatened the lives of the whole party. It appears that, when within a few miles of the city, an axle broke, and the tender, the baggage express and smoking cars were thrown off the track. The stove in the latter was upset, the car took fire, and its occupants, including the slave party, made a narrow escape with their lives. The party left the cars in flames, and walked into the city, reaching their final place of destination somewhere near one o'clock in the morning.

A hearing was arranged for before Judge Cadwallader at 10 o'clock a. m. that day (Tuesday); which fact being ascertained, some friends of the cause, accompanied by counsel, repaired to the Marshal's office with a view of having an interview with the prisoner. No opportunity was afforded them for the purpose, and 10 o'clock, the hour at which the Court was to sit, found them entirely ignorant of the merits of their case.

The man was brought into the court-room by Jenkins, Sharkey and other officers, accompanied by Butler, the claimant, and his friends who came as witnesses. B. H Brewster, Esq., appeared for the master, and George H. Earle, Ryland Warriner, Wm. Bull and Edward Hopper, Esquires, for the alleged slave.

Mr. Brewster stated, in a few words, the facts of the case, and desired that the hearing might proceed. Mr. Earle objected, on the ground that no opportunity had been afforded counsel of conferring with the prisoner and of preparing a defence. Mr. Brewster objected to delay. He, too, was unprepared, having had no knowledge of the case till that morning. He was opposed to a postponement for two reasons: first, because the law contemplated a summary procedure; and, secondly, because experience in a former case, that of Daniel Dangerfield, had taught them the evils of delay.

The Judge agreed with Mr. Brewster that the law required the proceedings to be summary, but was willing that Mr. Earle should have two hours in which to confer with his client and prepare his defence. Mr. Earle asked that the gentleman to whose care the case had been consigned by despatch from Harrisburg might be permitted to be present at the interview. He made this request because it had been stated at the Marshal's office that the orders of the Court were to admit no one but the prisoner's counsel. The Judge said he had given no such orders. He had no control over the Marshal, but he doubted not that that gentleman would see that his deputies admitted not only the counsel, but any other person who might be legitimately connected with the case. The hearing was then suspended till 1 o'clock, and the alleged slave was withdrawn to an adjacent room, where a conference ensued between him and his friends.

Moses—for such was his proper first name—is a man of about 27 years of age, a bright mulatto, of prepossessing appearance, and average intelligence. He did not deny that he was a slave, nor that he had run away from Jefferson County, Virginia; but he said that the name given in the description referred to by Mr. Brewster was not his right name. He also made some statements rendering it doubtful whether the claimant could make out a case of identity. He gave the names of a number of respectable people, living in and near Harrisburg, whom he wished to have summoned as witnesses. He also stated a fact in regard to his former master's will, which would make the legal title of his present claimant a matter of question. In admitting that he had run away, he gave his reasons. His master was not a cruel man, but when in a passion he was dangerous. He had beaten him brutally last summer, and laid open his head to the bone with a club. He then seized a heavier club, the leg of a bench, and threatened to kill him, and he (Moses) ran for his life. He has a wife and two children. When the youngest child was about four months old, his master whipped the mother for some alleged offence; and though he would not say that the whipping was more than usually severe, the fact itself seems to have stung him very deeply. His master was not in the habit of whipping his women, but on one occasion he was punishing one of them, when, in the tussle, she fell, and and he put the heel of his boot in her mouth!

With these facts both as to the moral and legal merits of the case before them, the counsel for the prisoner came into Court at 1 o'clock for the trial. A despatch had been sent, in the meantime, to Harrisburg for witnesses. The room was densely packed with interested spectators, including quite a number of ladies.

Mr. Brewster commenced the proceedings by saying that he was prepared to prove that the man now in custody had escaped from service and labor in Virginia, and that Mr. Charles T. Butler was duly authorized to recover him. The first evidence he would offer was a transcript of a record in the County Court of Virginia, as called for by the law of 1850. After reading this transcript and the accompanying certificates of its genuineness, the paper was handed, at their request, to the prisoner's counsel for examination. On reading it carefully, it was observed that the name of the alleged fugitive was differently spelled at different places where it occurred, and that erasures had been made, with an apparent design to change or correct the spelling of the name. Mr. Hopper pointed out this fact to the Court, and Mr. Earle argued at length, and with much cogency of reasoning, against the admission of a document which bore on its face evidence of having been tampered with. But the Judge decided that the transcript met the requirements of the law, and for the present overruled the objection.

Mr. Brewster then proceeded to call witnesses. The first was a Mr. Henry F. Cameron. Mr. Cameron is a tailor by trade; lives in Shepherdstown, Va.; knows Mr. Butler, who resides within two miles of Shepherdstown; and knows his man Moses. He identifies the prisoner as Moses beyond doubt. Mr. Bull and Mr. Earle cross-questioned the witness, and, under the searching interrogatories of the latter, Mr. Cameron reluctantly discloses the fact that to the trade of tailor he adds the vocation of slave-catcher, serving in the latter capacity when work on the board is slack, or when he has a prospect of making good wages. He came to Philadelphia at the request of Mr. Butler, to aid him in the recovery of his slave. Mr. Butler was to compensate him; was to pay his expenses, including his time, *and something more if he should succeed.*

Mr. Warriner asked a question, bearing on the claimant's title, but the Judge excluded any inquiry in that direction, ruling that the only question to be determined was that of the identity of the slave. In the course

on their way; but before they had gone many yards, a rush was made at the horses' heads by a number of the blacks and others, who had looked on till they could stand it no longer. The police interposed and a skirmish ensued. The officers used their "black jacks" and "billies" without remorse, and for a moment the disturbance was quelled. But, as soon as the vehicle with the prisoner began to move again, a second attack was made, which, it is said, came very near being successful. The traces were cut, the tongue of the carriage was broken, and the horses were overthrown bodily. Marshal Jenkins was just about drawing the trigger of his revolver on one of the leaders, when his hand was arrested by Chief Ruggles, who thus stayed what must otherwise have proved a serious effusion of blood. For, if he had fired, it would have been a signal for a general onslaught, and no one can tell where it would have ended. As it was, the police overpowered the rescuers, and captured some ten or eleven of them, and carried them to prison. Some of them were very cruelly and wantonly beaten by their over-zealous captors.

The attack seems to have been unpremeditated, and to have been the result of sudden impulse and generous sympathy. It may not have been wisely undertaken, but all honor to the brave and disinterested men who risked their lives to save a fettered brother. They have the sympathy of all true men, and their generous purpose is approved by every one who can appreciate a noble impulse. Some of the men are out on bail; others are yet in prison. But pains have been taken to procure proper counsel, and everything will be done that their case may seem to require to save them from unmerited punishment.

The *habeas corpus* question has been twice up before Judge Allison, and arguments have been heard on both sides, without finishing the matter. The Marshal came before the Court by his attorney, and made return to the writ that, in obedience to an order from the Circuit Court, and at the request of Charles T. Butler, he had sent the man out of the State, and that, therefore, he could not have the body of Moses before the Court, as in the writ commanded.

Here, you see, is another case of conflict of jurisdiction. I have not room now to give you the proceedings in the controversy; let it suffice to say, for the present, that they were interesting and important. The question, involving as it does one of our most important home-bred rights, is of the gravest magnitude. Messrs. Warriner and Earle's arguments for the rights of the State, as against the encroachments of Federal power and Dred Scott usurpations, were able and opportune.

Judge Allison is in a tight place. He intimates, without positively asserting, that the writ was improvidently granted; and that if he had known all the facts in the case, he might not have allowed it. He asks the parties, therefore, to argue the case as if it were on the original question of issuing the writ. Arguments have been heard from Messrs. Wharton and McMurtrie on the behalf of the Marshal, and from Messrs. Warriner and Earle on the other side. Mr. Earle had not quite concluded his argument when the Court was obliged to take up other business; the case was adjourned till Saturday, the 7th.

On the whole, though the slave has been taken back, we do not feel that we have quite lost our case. We have made a good fight, and the enemy has gained a damaging victory. The feeling of the community is in our favor, and our opponents are tired of the contest. The Marshal and several of his officers have expressed to our friends their "hope in God that they might never have another case." They know our purpose to contest every inch of the ground, and to give them all the trouble in our power. My impression is that the business of slave-catching in Pennsylvania has about come to an end. That at least is my hope, and I will indulge it fondly till it shall either be realized or prove a delusion.

If my letter were not so long, I would give you some account of the annual Methodist Conference which has been for some time in session in this city; but as it is, I can only take space to say that its proceedings have been of a strikingly anti-abolition character. Messrs. McCarter, Cunningham, Long and others have done well, but the pro-slavery party is in the ascendant, and these brethren, though strong in spirit, have not been able, in numbers, to cope with them. This Conference will probably maintain a sort of middle ground, neither going, in case of a division, with the Church South nor joining with their anti-slavery brethren of the North and East. They will be "neither cold nor hot," but of that doubtful temperature which, to a lover of truth, is, of all others, the most nauseating. M.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, April 2, 1860.

You criticize, and perhaps with justice, Mr. Sedgwick's speech in the House the other day, but I feel sure that he did not intentionally misrepresent the views of the Abolitionists, and you hardly give him sufficient credit for his noble defence of Garrison. I think it is *the first time* that justice has been done to Mr. Garrison in Congress, and, at the risk of consuming your space, I will quote from the official *Globe* the passage from the speech about the great leader of the Abolitionists:

"It was about this time that a young man, born in the town of Newburyport, Massachusetts, educated in our Northern schools, began to teach the doctrine of ultimate emancipation, through colonization, to the citizens of Boston. The doors of the most magnificent churches in that city flew open, as upon oiled hinges, at his approach. His eloquence was the theme of every tongue, and his praise sounded throughout the land. He was called upon to aid in this attempt of Lundy to establish his paper in Baltimore. He went there as an assistant editor of the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*, at the solicitation of the South. He there became acquainted with the atrocity of the inter-State slave trade. He there saw the workings of slavery for himself. He there saw that this scheme of colonization was Janus-faced; that at the South it meant new and increased guarantees for the perpetuation of slavery, while at the North it was held out to the rich and philanthropic as a means for the ultimate extinction of slavery. I say he observed this inter-State slave trade—a trade which was not stigmatized as piracy by law, but which was marked with every atrocious feature that ever distinguished the foreign traffic. More than that; it tears asunder those who have in some degree acquired the principles of civilization, and have been by it taught to feel more keenly the pangs of forced dissolution of family and social ties.

"Not long after this, a ship, owned by a Northern merchant, commanded by a Northern captain, and manned by Northern seamen, was chartered, and shipped a cargo of human beings at Baltimore for the New Orleans market. This man saw the slaves embarked. He had been invited South to edit a colonization paper, and, seeing these things himself, he spoke of them as they deserved in his paper. He seized the opportunity of commencing the attack upon a vessel fitted out in his own birthplace, which had engaged in a traffic so harrowing to his feelings and sensibilities. He printed an article in his paper, describing the conduct of these Northern men in bringing vessels to Southern ports to engage in this abominable traffic, by which they could grow rich, while their conscientious neighbors, who desired to engage only in the legitimate coastwise trade, could not make a living. And what was the result? Why, sir, although the article was aimed at individuals in the North alone, it did in fact strike a blow at the domestic slave trade; and the result was that he was prosecuted civilly and criminally; he was thrown into prison; he was mulcted in heavy damages in a libel suit; he went to prison, and there remained until the Northern colonizationists paid his fine and set this young liberator free. He returned to the North, but the doors of the churches that were open to his teachings before were rusted and fixed on their hinges when he went back to denounce the cruelty of slavery and the slave trade. He announced his intention to speak on Boston Common, as at least one place under the broad canopy of heaven in which he could give utterance to his conscientious convictions of truth; but he found that Northern sentiment was as unwilling to be disturbed upon this slavery question, nay, more so, than Southern opinions. But this man, gentle, loving, peaceable, truthful, just, but inflexible, was resolved not to be put down, North or South, and the result was the publication of this paper, (*The Liberator*), the first number of which I hold in my hand, and in which he announces his intention to prosecute this war upon slavery to the end.

"'I am in earnest. I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard.'

"That is from the first number of *The Liberator*, published in 1831, by William Lloyd Garrison. It has sometimes seemed to me that that man was sent from Heaven in answer to the poet's prayer, and to meet the time's necessity:

> "'We need, methinks, the prophet-heroes still,
> Saints true of life and martyrs strong of will,
> To tread the land even now, as Xavier trod
> The streets of Goa, barefoot, with his bell,
> Proclaiming freedom in the name of God,
> And startling tyrants with the fear of Hell.'"

You have but to breathe the air of either branch of Congress to appreciate the moral courage which a member of Congress must possess to speak such sentiments as I have quoted.

Permit me to refer to another subject treated of editorially in THE STANDARD last week. You speak of Mr. Kilgore as if he really dodged a vote upon Blake's resolution. But, in making his explanation, he avowed more radical sentiments on the slavery question than most of the members who voted for Blake's resolution will dare avow. The day after the vote upon the resolution, the following colloquy took place between Mr. Kilgore and Mr. Burnett of Kentucky:

MR. BURNETT—Now that we are upon personal explanations, I would like to know of the gentleman from Indiana [Mr. Kilgore] how it happens that his answer to my question yesterday does not appear in *The Globe* to-day.

MR. KILGORE—I have asked the same question.

MR. BURNETT—What was the answer to my question yesterday?

MR. KILGORE—It was that I would report a bill, with the permission of the committee, at an early day, for the gradual emancipation of slavery in the District of Columbia.

MR. BURNETT—The gentleman has modified his answer; but it will suit my purpose.

MR. KILGORE—I will say to the gentleman that the committee has been changed lately, and I may not be able to obtain the consent of the majority of the committee to report the bill. Will the gentleman from Kentucky, who is also a member of that committee, vote to give me an opportunity to report such a bill?

MR. FLORENCE—I move that the House do now adjourn.

MR. BURNETT—I had the floor, and only yielded it to the gentleman from Indiana. The gentleman from Indian undertakes to avoid the position which he took yesterday.

MR. GROW—This debate is all out of order.

MR. BURNETT—The objection comes too late. The position of the gentleman yesterday was that he had had referred to him a petition asking for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. I propounded the question to him—for he had announced that he believed Congress possessed the power, and that he was in favor of it—if that was his purpose, why he did not report from that committee a bill for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia? And I understood his answer to be that he would do so at an early day.

MR. KILGORE—Yes, sir.

Mr. Kilgore comes from a so-called conservative State, and his avowal, the day before this colloquy occurred, that he was for striking at slavery by Congressional action wherever he has constitutional power so to do, and that his object was to surround slavery that it might die, and the statement that he will, at an early day, report a bill from the Committee on the District of Columbia, of which he is a member, for the gradual emancipation of the slaves in the District, show him to be a great deal more of an Abolitionist than very many of his Republican colleagues.

The week just gone has been a very busy and important one in the House of Representatives. The Polygamy bill, the Kansas bill and the President's Corruption message, have all been before the House for consideration. The Polygamy bill is really a startling measure. It proposes to punish the practice of polygamy in all the Territories! *Startling*, I mean, to the slaveholders. Why, won't Congress, as a next step, inflict a fine of $500 upon every man who attempts to own slaves in the Territories? ask the Southern despots. Sure enough, why not? Singular enough, the bill is reported to the House by Judge Nelson of Tennessee, an old Whig. He takes the ground that the Republicans are right in their doctrine of Congressional authority over the Territories. The only question is *how* shall that authority be exercised. Both Republicans and Southern Whigs agree that polygamy should be made a crime—and they disagree as to slavery. The Douglas men are well cut up by this movement, for they don't like to stand by the Utah polygamists, nor do they like openly to discard their great humbug of squatter sovereignty. So they propose to cut up Utah into several pieces and present the surrounding Territories each with a big slice! Just as if this was not an indirect method of interfering with the will of the Utah people.

The Kansas bill will easily pass the House, but there is no telling what its fate will be in the Senate. Should Mr. Douglas get the Charleston nomination, he will put the bill through the Senate at all hazards, to get an ugly issue out of his way. If not, the bill will fall between the two Houses, and the Democrats will take the responsibility for its defeat.

The whining message of the President is jeered at in all quarters, and is taken as an admission of guilt hereabouts. The venerable Peckniff, who wrote so tearfully, two years ago, about "the use of money in elections," it now seems was just preparing *himself* to go into that very business in Pennsylvania, and his famous Pittsburg letter, which has been most faithfully used by the European press, was doubtless a blind to cover up his operations. The old man's plea of want of jurisdiction will avail him nothing. The Committee sits every day and is accumulating evidence each day which will crush Secretaries and Presidents alike unless they can rebut the evidence.

The Presidential candidate fever increases rapidly and slays a new victim every day. Mr. Hunter of Virginia gains greatly among the Democrats, while poor Gov. Wise is "dead—dead—dead" of too much "John Brown." The wag who sent the proposed new name to the Governor, in a letter, of "What-an-ass-am-I-Wise," was just right. Hunter never uttered a note all through the miserable Virginia panic—and see the result. *He* gets the votes of Virginia for President, while Wise is neither Governor, Senator nor candidate for President! There are brains yet left in Virginia.

Hunter stands high, Breckinridge follows closely after, and Jo. Lane, Guthrie, Aleck Stephens, Horatio Seymour and Dickinson are talked of as possible compromise candidates.

The "Union party" leaders here talk of putting up Judge McLean on purpose to embarrass the Republicans, if possible. As he is a Republican, having voted for Fremont, he would scarcely accept their nomination. If Douglas is nominated, they will put up Sam Houston, expecting to carry three or four Southern States for him.

Seward leads all the other candidates with the Republicans, though Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Indiana will make a desperate effort to set him aside, and, for all the confidence of Mr. Seward's friends, I am inclined to think they will succeed. Their power at Chicago will be great, even with the Seward delegates; and if they are a unit against any man, that man will not receive the nomination. See if in this particular I am not a prophet. It may be that Mr. Seward will get delegates from those States; if so, he is safe; if he gets none, Chicago will not take him up. AVON.

NEW SERIES OF ANTI-SLAVERY TRACTS.

WE announce with much pleasure the issue of three new and valuable Anti-Slavery Tracts. They consist of the freshest and most interesting matter, and we invite to them the attention of all our readers. As they are to be sold at the simple cost (or less), we hope that orders for them will be numerous. The series is to be continued, from time to time. The three already published are as follows:

No. 1. CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN LYDIA MARIA CHILD AND GOVERNOR WISE AND MRS. MASON, OF VIRGINIA. 28 pp.

No. 2. VICTOR HUGO ON AMERICAN SLAVERY, with letters of other distinguished Europeans, viz., DE TOCQUEVILLE, MAZZINI, HUMBOLDT, LAFAYETTE &c. 24 pp

No. 3. AN ACCOUNT OF SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL SLAVE INSURRECTIONS DURING THE LAST TWO CENTURIES. By JOSHUA COFFIN. 36 pp.

Price of the first two of the above, *five cents single*; 50 cts. the dozen; $3 50 *the hundred*. Of No. 3, *six cents single*; 60 *cts. the dozen*; $4 *the hundred*.

☞ To be had at the Anti-Slavery Offices, 5 Beekman street, New York; 107 North Fifth street, Philadelphia; and No. 21 Cornhill, Boston.

☞ The AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY has also just published, in a neat pamphlet form, the able and eloquent speech of THEODORE TILTON, Esq., of New York, in reply to Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, on the American Board of Foreign Missions. Orders for these should be sent to the Society's Office, No. 5 Beekman street, New York. *Price three cents single; $2 50 per hundred.*

A "MENDICANT JOURNAL."—The reader will find under the Pro-Slavery head a scurrilous article from the Philadelphia *Evening Journal*—a paper started, some years since, with the aid of money contributed in part by anti-slavery men. Its editor, a man by the name of Grayson, professed to be hostile to the Slave Power and its aggressions, and thus induced liberal-minded men to contribute to his object. He pocketed their money and turned against them. His paper is called, among some who know the circumstances of its origin, "The *Mendicant* Journal." The editor begged the money by which it was started, and betrayed the men who gave him alms. The friends of freedom certainly need no defence against the aspersions of such a journal.

STATE SOVEREIGNTY.—The opinion of the Attorney General of Ohio, C. P. Wolcott, Esq., prepared for the guidance of Governor Dennison in his action upon the requisition of the Governor of Virginia for the extradition of Owen Brown and Francis J. Merriam, is a very conclusive demonstration of the law applicable to the case. The papers presented did not show, or even allege, that Brown and Merriam ever fled from Virginia. They fled from Maryland, if from anywhere, not from Virginia; consequently the Governor of Ohio could not comply with the requisition without committing an outrage upon men whose rights he is sworn to defend.

THE REV. ABEL STEVENS, editor of *The Christian Advocate and Journal* of this city, was a candidate for delegate to the General Conference of the M. E. Church from the Providence Annual Conference, of which he is a member. The whole number of votes cast was 102, of which Mr. Stevens received 15; while the Rev. Daniel Wise, his principal opponent, received 91! Mr. Stevens was once very popular among New England Methodists, but in his efforts to curry favor with the wealthy hunkerism of New York and the supporters of slavery on the Border, he has lost the confidence of his old friends.

THE USURPATIONS OF THE U. S. SENATE!!

$300.

The undersigned offers the following prizes: $200 for the best Legal Essay, and $100 for the best Popular Essay on the following questions, viz.:

I. In what, if any, cases does the Constitution permit the Senate of the United States to coerce witnesses for information to merely aid legislation?

II. In what, if any, cases does the Constitution permit the Senate of the United States to seize and force witnesses from their States to merely aid in the work of legislation?

III. In what, if any, cases does the Constitution permit the Senate of the United States to inquire into alleged crime to merely aid in the work of legislation?

The Essays must not exceed 40 pages octavo "long primer" type, and are required by the Committee (whose address will be published hereafter) on the 1st day of June, 1860. The award will be announced on or before 1st July following.

Papers of all parties, and of no party, but who favor fair play and free discussion, are respectfully solicited to publish this notice. The Essays will be sent to all who send me marked copies of their papers containing the above. Address "care of Any, box No. 699, Georgetown, D. C." THADDEUS HYATT.

Washington Jail, March 28, 1860.

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU.....XXVII.

March 12th, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: We watch with deep interest, but not yet with much result, for the consequences of the great events which stirred your country from end to end in the autumn. I suppose something will occur, sooner or later, to show what the effect of John Brown's action has really been on the mind of the Northern States. On that of the Southern the effect is plain enough. Is there to be no manifestation of the power and will of the North till the elections compel some demonstration? If so, we shall certainly feel more deeply than ever that Americans and English do not understand each other.

It used to surprise me, before I had had time to consider duly the phenomena of your politics of a quarter of a century ago, that Dr. Channing and some other friends of mine in America condemned unsparingly party action and language on the part of public men—not in any particular case, nor in any one country, but everywhere, at all times. So I understood them; and I have once or twice heard the same kind of judgment passed by moralists at home. For these last there is really no excuse; for, if they were misled by ignorance, they were wrong in speaking about what they did not understand. But the American moralists who so spoke were thinking of the peculiar party action and speech of their own country, and not of that which always has existed in every polity, and apparently must always exist. The fact is, politics cannot be justly spoken of as the same thing in your country and in Europe. With us it is a loftier, broader, graver concern than with any other nation in the world—now that France is quelled by despotism, and Germany and Italy have not quite achieved and established their freedom. We shall have Northern Italy for a comrade in political action very soon now; and Germany before very long; but hitherto we seem to have been absolutely alone in our practical sense of the nobleness of true statesmanship, and of the massive importance of genuine political questions. We have always hoped to have had sympathy in this great purpose and pursuit from our American kindred; but we see more and more plainly that such sympathy has died out since the days of your first Presidents, and is not likely to be renewed for some time to come. The case appears to me to be this.

With us, under our constitutional government, politics are simply the conduct or action of the State. There is centralized action enough to require a broad expression of the national will to carry on the business of the national life, while the principle of self-government in our polity renders it a serious matter to form and express political opinions and will. From generation to generation, from century to century, the grand divisions of party are the same, because they are natural divisions, not depending on the quality or circumstances of individual men, but on the eternal distinctions of conservation and improvement, of stability and progress. On these subjects, men have convictions as deep, and conscious responsibilities as solemn, as on any subject whatever; and hence the breadth, the calmness and order, and the lofty tone in state affairs which distinguish the proceedings of our parliaments and administrations. The cultivated intellect of the nation is permanently engaged in either sustaining the polity in its existing state or carrying it forward to some point of improvement. This grave kind of work can be done only by means of concert among those who agree on the whole; in other words, by party organization. To condemn party connection, then, party action and party language which expresses the ideas and action of the whole movement is simply to condemn political pursuits altogether. If such a condemnation were acted upon (which, however, must always be impossible), the country would be delivered over to mere self-seekers, whether on the throne or in the scramble for office. It would be the gravest dereliction of duty conceivable in a free State. Where profound principles form the distinctions of party, a man cannot act alone. It is a mere conceit and impertinence to pretend to do so. A man cannot have any operative principle all to himself, and can therefore have no decent pretence for keeping himself aloof from all party action.

If, for some years after Sir R. Peel's retirement from office, it appeared as if there was an end of parties in the British Parliament and administration, it was because the eternally opposing principles were deprived of their accustomed forms of expression, and had not found new ones. The inevitable consequence was a series of weak governments succeeding each other at the mercy of accidents, till an occasion should arise for a renewed ranging of minds according to the old inexhaustible principles. The time seems to have arrived. At least, we have a strong government again at last, and a wide adoption of an important policy. We feel very happy in this new strength and clearness. It was not for this, however, that I referred to the subject, but to show what party action is, and what it means, in a constitutional monarchy like ours, and to discover wherein lies the difference between us and you, as to the character of statesmanship.

With us, no vocation is more lofty or more grave. By the theory, self-interest is entirely out of the question. Our statesmen have nothing to gain except the honor of serving their country in its most arduous offices. A statesman is lost from the hour when there is reason to suppose that he has personal objects in anything that he does. His entering and quitting office is determined by considerations which bear no relation whatever to his interests or his wishes. If the work to be done is in the line of his well-known convictions, he does it. If the national will decides for an opposite course, he, as a matter of course, resigns, that the business may be put into the hands of men of different convictions. Allowing for the inevitable variations in men, and the consequent occurrence of inferior specimens in each party, such is the practice, as well as the theory, in English political life. It follows that no great question can be neglected with us—no institution left to take its chance. As soon as it becomes clear that any question about it exists, it is certain that it will be kept before the national mind, steadily and strongly, till it is decided.

I need not, after this explanation, show you how extreme must be our surprise at the condition of your great controversy at the present moment. But for that great controversy, it could be no surprise to observers in any part of the world if your government exhibited a different kind of party character from that of England. Your governments, Federal and State, have little to do; and that little is not, generally speaking, of a grave character. This is the consequence of your happy distribution of self-government through the whole community. It might be expected that your statesmen would be of a lower order, because their work is of lower quality and scanty quantity. Such is the theory of your polity; and happy is the people to whom it can apply. But the whole case assumes a new character as soon as a vital question like that of slavery comes upon the scene. Before, any man might easily neglect politics, and leave that sort of pursuit to men with whom it agreed; he might despise and ignore party divisions and movements depending on the names of individuals, or on any transient influence whatever; he might condemn party action as Dr. Channing and others have done. But after the rising up of such a question, any apathy, any delay, any abeyance of the controversy for a single day is incomprehensible. Therefore are we waiting in wonder, to see what your Northern States are going to do for the restoration of your ancient citizen liberties, and the casting out of the curse which is impairing your national character, and destroying your reputation as a people. The impotent rage of the South shows how completely the power is in the hands of the North. We look for chaotic counsels in the slave States. But what are the free States about that they have not, long ago, united to realize the principles of your republican polity in the practical liberty of all men, of all complexions, who live within your boundaries? If this realization is not to be attempted, then all is over, and your universal slavery will be of a lower order than that of the French and Romans at this moment. It will then be useless to talk of political morality, or of high and low, noble and degraded in public life. You will be sunk too low for comparison with other peoples, or for study on your own account. I need not say that we anticipate something very different from this. You know how confidently we look for your self-redemption from the disgrace and peril which you mourn, but we cannot see that any organized political effort is made, or in preparation, worthy in principle and in spirit of the great revolutionary movement which gave you your national existence: It will be a happy day when we do see it.

You can conceive how strange it is to us to read in such times what some even of your Northern newspapers imagine about our sending money over to help your political action. The nonsense about "Exeter Hall funds," and "secret service money," applied to political purposes in your country, reads like a bad hoax. Perhaps it is so. The notion of the condition of Ireland in the same papers is much like that entertained at the Courts of Spain and Austria. I hope the writers have noted the accounts of Ireland given in the debates on the French treaty. I hope so, not only to correct the errors about the actual condition of the Irish people, but also as evidence of the blessed effects of free trade in retrieving the heaviest misfortunes of any people, and making the citizens masters of their own lot. A comparison of rising and contented Ireland with the sinking and sore condition of various nations prouder in their day might induce your countrymen of the free States to abolish slavery, and many other threatening evils, by liberating trade, as the shortest way to complete republican freedom. Meantime, Exeter Hall is scarcely among the admirers of your Anti-Slavery Society; and it wants all its funds to support its own agents; and we know of no "secret service money" disposable for any purpose but the transaction of executive business, and little enough of that. I must say that if we give you Abolitionists anything, there is no outward sign of it. One of the things we admire in you is your evident poverty as an organization. We understand what that means; and if we consider it a reproach to anybody, it is certainly not to yourselves. We shall be thankful to see you more powerful in any way; but the last thing we could desire would be to see your patriotic work done by foreign influence, in the form of gold or any other. Everywhere, all the world over, people and nations must save their own souls; and none can do it for them.

We are very happy at present under a good and strong government. We have agreed to the French treaty with unusual heartiness, and have strong hopes of a better understanding with France henceforth, through our commercial intercourses. The people are more likely to be friendly with us than ever before, whatever their ruler may do or attempt. We are extending the electoral rights of our people, almost, though not quite, in due proportion to their progressive enlightenment. Under the new Reform Bill, which everybody supposes will pass, the constituency will be increased at least one-third.

On the Continent there are signs of great events impending. The French Emperor has completed his disgrace by the actual demand of Savoy, thereby destroying all the credit he claimed for the Italian war. The Italians at length resist his caprices and his dictation. A final declaration, by universal suffrage, will settle the question of the great Italian kingdom. The risk, on the part of the Italians, is great; but not so great as subservience to the fickle will and bad faith of their dangerous ally. The esteem and sympathy of all good and free men are with the Italians; and, with the support of English countenance and advocacy, we hope and trust they may defy the threats of despotism. Nobody wishes for war (except certain Italians in straits), but everybody expects it; and thus I fear it will come to pass; but, whether by war or peace, the prospects of national liberty look bright. I wish yours were as hopeful as those of Europe. H. M.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.....No. XVIII.

PARIS, March 8th, 1860.

THERE has been of late years a very considerable number of American visitors to Paris, and their behavior has always been and is still to me a subject of astonishment. To begin by praise. I will say first that they enjoy in this great capital of France the reputation of being the best customers of the world. English lords and Russian boyards are now quite exploded. The English lord will fight upon every bill, and the Russian nobleman not unusually leaves them unpaid. The American is very open-handed and generous, and makes a point of paying for everything he gets. One other trait is his kind behavior towards servants; he treats them more as equals than any other people, and certainly more than do the French. A servant will always be glad of an opportunity of entering an American family, as much for the good treatment he will receive as for the good wages which will be paid him. Now I must begin to criticize. Why is it that American visitors to Paris care so little about the scientific and literary establishments of this great city? The first question which is generally asked by a Russian visitor will be, How can I get an introduction to the Academy? May I assist at a sitting of the forty *immortels*? Where is Monsieur A—— or Monsieur B—— delivering his lectures now? Where can I hear your great preacher? Can I be admitted to the French Observatory? and so on, *ad infinitum*. Foreigners generally consider Paris as one of the great centres of literary and philosophical life. To the Americans, it seems to appear more as the great market of the luxuries of life. I happened to meet last year a young girl, just arrived from Irkoutsk: her first desire was to see Lamartine. The first desire of an American girl is to have the fashionable dressmaker's address. French society has always enjoyed the reputation of being a school of elegant manners, and of esprit. It is very intolerant towards Frenchmen, but extremely hospitable towards foreigners. I could name a dozen salons where it is almost impossible for a native to enter, but which are wide open to foreigners. Why is it that, while Germans, Italians, Englishmen, Russians are to be found there by the dozen, one meets with no American? They need not accept or share the prejudices which generally form the creed of such coteries, but they could obtain an excellent insight into the character of a very interesting nation. They cannot plead unsociability; they are very sociable, but only among themselves; they receive each other in magnificent apartments, richly furnished; but there a New-Yorker will only find New York, a Bostonian only Boston. It was hardly worth while to cross the Atlantic. The *ton* of such American *soirées* is to a Frenchman, who finds himself there, very extraordinary. Young men and young women will talk nonsense, by the hour together, with an air of dignity entirely unsuited to the meaning of the words. Every introduction is followed by personal details upon Mrs. A——, and Mr. B——, and Miss C——, daughter of Mr. D——, and sister-in-law of Mr. E——, who has so much a year, and made his money in China, &c., &c. General questions seem to be entirely unknown; and the most agreeable person is thought to be the one who knows the most insignificant details of the greatest number of people. Living as they do among themselves, having renounced all social interchange with French people, except milliners and tailors, how is it to be wondered at if they form such a wrong opinion of the state of the country? The American correspondents of your papers know probably very little more of France than the cafés and theatres, and are perfectly unable to give any precise information upon the state of politics here. I shall say as much of the American minister, who generally happens not to know a word of French, stays a short time in the country, and receives only the scanty information of official life. The days are over when an American minister was as popular in France as in his own country, and held daily communication with all the most distinguished people of ours. There are no more Franklins, and we must be contented with any slaveholder Washington chooses to send here. One of the reasons why Americans do not try to mix with French society is that so many dislike to hear slavery discussed, because to every Frenchman slavery seems wicked and wrong. They do not often think of it; but whenever there is an occasion, they always give an opinion, which, of necessity, appears very unpalatable to most Americans. Frenchmen speak on this subject very good-humoredly, without intention of offence, accustomed as they are to speak freely on all matters; but I never met pro-slavery Americans who did not consider the most theatrical discussion of "the institution" as an insult. But what astonishes French people more than anything is the intense admiration expressed by Americans for Louis Bonaparte; it seems almost incomprehensible, coming from republicans; but is there not a sympathy between imperial tyranny and pro-slavery tyranny? The Americans ignore the bitter sufferings of so many Frenchmen, who long for liberty; they do not seem to understand how difficult it is to rise against a despot at the head of 600,000 soldiers; and they will tell any Frenchman they happen to meet that Empire is better fitted to the French nation than liberty, unconscious of the insult and pain they thus give to their hearers. They see the streets well paved and well lighted; they can buy some things cheaper in the Rue de la Paix than in Broadway; consequently everything is for the best in this best possible Empire. Do not think these remarks unkindly meant. They are simply *true*; I only wish they were not. To this picture there are, I know, the most honorable exceptions; but they are so few that they only confirm the rule.

FROM OUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENT.

DUBLIN, March 16, 1860.

I FIND by *The Liberator* of the 2d of this month, which came to hand to-day, that the publishers of Redpath's Life of John Brown state that they are printing 2,000 copies per day, and yet are unable to supply the demand; although 30,000 copies were sold in advance of publication. In the same paper is "A Just Comparison," marked by the well-known and ever-welcome initials of C. K. W., in which that quick-witted and perspicuous writer assents to the dictum of *The Atlantic Monthly*, that Redpath's book reads like an abolition tract. On the score of Christian morality it could have no higher praise. Like John Brown himself, his biographer is no shuffler, and is always ready to "face the music." I wish I could agree with my valued friend Whipple in his opinion that the book is written in a style of great simplicity. I wish it had been much more simple. No man ever lived who could have better afforded to have his actions and his words recorded without laudatory comment. In all history I know of no such hero as John Brown. I have not read or heard of any man at once so physically and morally brave, so magnanimous, so pious, so devoted, so unselfish, and so unaffectedly modest as he. All the rancorous hatred of all Virginia fails to affix the stain of infamy upon so great and good a man. I believe it is very generally the custom in the United States to stereotype books that bid fair to have an extensive circulation. This has at least one disadvantage, that for the sake of saving the cost of "composition," the opportunity is lost of improving the text as successive editions may be called for. Without loss to his hero, or his book, the author might well have dispensed with many of those comments which tell the reader nothing that he did not know before, and this would enable him to gratify his readers by presenting them with John Brown's own letters and some intensely interesting documents respecting him, in a type as large and as pleasantly readable as the remainder of the book. Amongst these I of course include that touching narrative of Rev. Mr. Higginson's visit to the Brown Family, and I would suggest the addition of the account of the journey of Mrs. Brown and her companions in the sorrowful procession which bore the corpse of the glorious old man to his last restiog-place in North Elba. It was, I suspect, from the pen of your Philadelphia Correspondent, and was published in THE STANDARD. Surely that spot will become a place of pilgrimage, in all time to come, to all who venerate devotion to liberty in its most eminent manifestations. Compare the men whose shrines and sepulchres have been consecrated by the veneration of mankind with such a man as the Liberator of Kansas, and how very few of them there are who will not suffer by the contrast, provided they be judged by the relative greatness of their moral qualities. John Brown and his hangmen amply justify a remark I have often heard made, that it is not necessary to go beyond the times in which we live to find examples of the extremes of illustrious virtue and of moral degradation to which humanity can attain.

In the last number of the London *Athenæum* there is a notice of "Reminiscences of Rufus Choate, the great American Advocate," by Edward L. Parker. If the sack be like the samples to which the reviewer treats us, it must be one of the drollest books that have appeared for many a year. Stranger specimens of the "high-go-mad style," penned in sober earnest and meaning to be extremely impressive, I have never seen. A comical book was published about forty years ago, called "The Heroine," being the adventures of a Cherubina, a young lady whose head was turned by reading the trashy and sentimental works of that time. Judging from his recollections of the unprincipled, pro-slavery Whig lawyer, I fancy Mr. Parker must have taken "The Heroine" for his model of biographical portraiture.

We are now, I dare to hope, just emerging from the longest and dreariest winter remembered in Ireland. In former years there may have been more of cold, wind, rain, frost, fog or snow respectively, but this year is remarkable for the equal distribution of them all throughout the months that have elapsed between the first of October and this present writing. Never were the first snowdrops and crocuses more gladly welcomed—never have the three kingdoms longed more impatiently for a cessation of the war of elements, and for that promise of fine weather to which we generally look forward at this time of the year.

The paper duty, the last of the taxes on knowledge, has just been repealed by Parliament; and when the impost is removed in August next, I expect one of the chief impediments which have heretofore existed to an interchange of English and American literature will be removed.

Leaving all dissertations on the Treaty with France and on the present glorious and dignified position of the Italian people to the gifted correspondents with whom you are now furnished at this side of the water, I remain truly yours, RICHARD D. WEBB.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW. April, 1860. D. D. Whedon, D.D., Editor. Carlton & Porter, 200 Mulberry street.

The contents of this number are as follows:

The Modern Novel.
Results of West India Emancipation.
Lay Representation.
Leigh Hunt.
Wesley as a Man of Literature.
Hours with the Mystics.
The Church Relation of Infants.
Foreign Religious Intelligence.
Foreign Literary Intelligence.
Synopsis of the Quarterlies.
Quarterly Book-table.

The name of the writer of each article is disclosed on the cover. The paper on the "Results of West India Emancipation" is from the pen of the Rev. HENRY BLEBY, of Barbadoes, whose visit to this country in the summer of 1858 is remembered with interest by many of our readers. The present is the last of two important papers contributed by him to this periodical. They were evidently written with conscientious care, and the pictures they present of the effects of emancipation in the British Colonies are a complete answer to the misrepresentations which, filtrated through the Southern press, have so long been received for truth at the North. A considerable portion of Mr. Bleby's testimony has already been presented to our readers in the interesting speeches he made while in this country, but these articles contain much that deserves to be reproduced in every anti-slavery paper in the land, and it is our intention to recur to them again at no distant day.

THE DIAL. Vol. I. No. 3. March, 1860. M. D. CONWAY, Editor, Cincinnati.

In looking over the pages of this as of the preceding numbers of this new periodical, we have wished that our word of hearty commendation, once more repeated, might only have the effect to gain for it the substantial support without which we can hardly expect it to have more than a brief existence. Mr. Conway is certainly fitted by his freedom from sectarian trammels as well as by his scholarly tastes to conduct a periodical intended to be the vehicle of proscribed opinions and thoughts that might not otherwise secure a free utterance. We give the titles of the articles in the present number.

The Christianity of Christ—third article.
Qui laborat, orat.
The Nature of Moral Accountability.
Devotion.
To a Skylark.
Who Discovered the Planet?
Dr. Einbobrer and his Pupils.
Geology and the Bible.
Blossoms and Leaves.
The Attribute of Wings.
The Catholic Chapter.
Quatrains.
Critical Notices.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER. No. CCXVIII. March, 1860. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. New York: C. S. Francis & Co.

We have delayed noticing this issue of *The Examiner* in the hope of finding room to speak particularly of a portion of its contents; but even now we can only give the heads of the various articles, with the general remark that they are of the quality we always expect to find in a publication which has long been the best medium and representative in this country of Liberal Christianity.

1. Womanhood.
2. The Liberal Religious Movement in the United States.
3. The Book of Job.
4. Robert Barton.
5. Dr. Bellows and the Pulpit.
6. Dr. Huntington on the Trinity.
7. The Heart of the Andes.
8. Review of Current Literature.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for April presents the following table of contents:

The Laws of Beauty.
Found and Lost.
An Experience.
About Thieves.
The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties.
The Portrait.
American Magazine Literature of the last Century.
Come si Chiama?
Bardic Symbols.
Hunting a Pass.
Kepler.
Pleasure-Pain.
The Professor's Story.
Lost Beliefs.
The Mexicans and their Country.
Reviews and Literary Notices.

The poem entitled "An Experience," by a writer whose name is familiar to many of our readers, we have copied in another column. We express the judgment formed while yet we were ignorant of the authorship when we say that such a poem could be produced only by a mind richly endowed with the qualities which enter into the best conception of a poet. A hand so gifted as that which traced these lines ought not to be withheld from literary work. But how *could* the editors of *The Atlantic* print such unmitigated balderdash as they have given us under the title of "Bardic Symbols"? The whole three pages are a mere chaos of unmeaning bombast, fit only for the mouth of an incurable lunatic.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, with the issue for April 7th (No. 827), enters upon its LXVth volume, and makes its appearance in a new dress. We venture to say that in no other series of periodical volumes in this country can there be found so various and valuable a collection of current literary, biographical, scientific, and historical matter as is furnished by the files of *The Living Age*. The weekly numbers furnish a busy man with about as much light reading as he wants. Its selections are made with rare taste and judgment from current English periodical publications, including not only the grave quarterlies and the lighter monthlies, but the issues of the daily press. It is especially full and accurate in matters pertaining to European politics. The leading pa

Miscellaneous Department.

AN EXPERIENCE.

BY ELIZA SPROAT RANDOLPH.

A common spring of water, sudden welling,
Unheralded, from some unseen impelling,
Unrecognized, began his life alone.
A rare and haughty vine looked down above him,
Unclasped her climbing glory, stooped to love him,
And wreathed herself about his curb of stone.

Ah, happy fount! content, in upward smiling,
To feel no life but in her fond beguiling,
To see no world but through her veil of green!
And happy vine, secure, in downward gazing,
To find one theme his heart forever praising—
The crystal cup a throne, and she the queen!

I speak. I grew about him, ever dearer;
The water rose to meet me, ever nearer;
The water passed one day this curb of stone.
Was it a weak escape from righteous boundings,
Or yet a righteous scorn of false surroundings?
I only know I live my life alone.

Alone? The smiling fountain seems to chide me—
The constant fountain, rooted still beside me,
And speaking wistful words I toil to hear:
Ah, how alone! The mystic words confound me;
And still the awakened fountain yearns beyond me,
Streaming to some unknown I may not near.

"Oh, list," he cries, "the wondrous voices calling!
I hear a hundred streams in silver falling;
I feel the far-off pulses of the sea.
Oh, come!" Then all my length beside him faring,
I strive and strain for growth, and soon, despairing,
I pause and wonder where the wrong can be.

Were we not equal? Nay, I stooped, from climbing,
To his obscure, to list the golden chiming,
So low to all the world, so plain to me.
Now, 'twere some broad fair streamlet, onward tending,
Should mate with him, and both, serenely blending,
Move in a grand accordance to the sea.

I tend not so; I hear no voices calling;
I have no care for rivers silver-falling;
I hate the far-off sea that wrought my pain.
Oh for some spell of change, my life new-aiming!
Or best, by spells his too much life reclaiming,
Hold all within the fountain-curb again!

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

MADGE VERTNER.

BY MATTIE GRIFFITH.

CHAP. XXXIV.

Helen Norton lay in her coffin, still and beautiful as one upon whom a sweet and dreamless sleep had fallen. Only in a certain light could the gazer perceive the wasting work of disease, as shown in the purple lines about the eyes and mouth. Loving, friendly hands had decked her for death as for a happy bridal. The long white wrapper, with its silken girdle, gave to her form a fulness which did not properly belong to it even in life. A wreath of white blossoms bound her brow, while a Marie Stuart point of rich lace covered her shining hair, and in her crossed hands was a bouquet of white tea roses, with one large camelia, which Madge had placed there. The coffin was taken into the great parlor, where, but a short time before, she had stood a happy and trusting bride. Madge sat by it all the while—no coaxing could get her away—her hand or arm resting constantly upon the coffin or near the body.

"Dear Helen!" she once said, when she found herself alone with the body, "can't your spirit, somewhere in this vast and peopled space, look down upon me? has it indeed left this dear body? Oh for one word, one half word, to assure me that you have not entirely left me! Will you not, Helen, come back to me at some time? Do you not see or hear me now? What was that?" She started, as she heard a faint, low murmur, very close to her ear. Glancing round, she saw no one; yet she felt the air ripple coolly by her cheek, as if a gentle breath had fanned her.

"Could that be Helen's spirit?" These words Madge uttered aloud. Again she thought, or imagined, as you will, that she heard a faint sigh. Looking anxiously round the room, she satisfied herself that the doors were all fast-closed. Approaching the window, she lifted the heavy curtain drapery to discern if any one was hidden there, then softly opened the doors, but could find no one lurking about. Returning to the head of the coffin, she gently laid her hand upon the cold, white brow of her dead friend, saying, in a slow, solemn voice,

"Dear Helen! I accept the omen."

Beside the coffin she still remained, as the hours of the day wore slowly on. Mr. Butler came and sat beside her. He took her little hand within his own and soothed her with many a kindly-spoken word. As he sat stroking her long, spare fingers, and soothing those acorn nails, he said, in a low tone—for unconsciously one lowers the voice in the presence of death—

"You cannot be well, dear Madge, for I notice a yellowness about the points of your fingers and round your delicate nails, which indicates bile in the blood."

Madge examined her fingers and replied, with a smile,

"I see nothing unusual the matter with my fingers; they are always a little darker than my face; perhaps because I am so much exposed to the sun and seldom wear gloves."

"Why won't you leave this sad scene for a little while? Come and walk with me. Let us have a stroll upon the outskirts of the village. It will do you good; and as I am soon to leave you, I think you ought to gratify me."

She looked up with a pained expression upon her countenance, saying,

"I will go with you, since you ask so earnestly; but it half breaks my heart to leave her. While I am by the coffin, I do not so wholly realize that she is gone, and there is something in those features that brings her heart, her life, her very self, so warmly and closely to me that I cannot bear to tear myself away. You do not know how love, sympathy and intimate association knit us together—welding, as it were, our very hearts."

"Shall I not supply her place?" he tenderly asked.

"You will be to me, perhaps, more than she was—as much at least—but not the same," she honestly answered.

"My little Madge hasn't much enthusiasm; and do you know I fear she only gives me her heart by halves? An Englishman, remember, always makes a jealous lover and husband."

"Jealous—jealous—why do you talk of jealousy? Jealous of whom, of what? Surely not of this piece of cold life-clay that lies so beautiful before us!"

He passed his arm gently round her waist, and imprinted a kiss upon her bent brow. Again Madge heard that ominous sigh, and, starting from his half embrace, she exclaimed,

"What did you hear?"

"Nothing, dear."

"Didn't you hear a sigh—a soft, low, mellow sigh, that seemed to come from the coffin? And yet that still, uncovered face does not look as if a broken breath had disturbed its sleep."

"Madge, Madge, my dear, you are weary and weak; your feelings have been overtaxed. Come with me, away from this sad room, out into the open, fresh air: you will feel better."

Kneeling down by the coffin, Madge pressed her lips long and fervently to the brow and lips of her dead friend, then, giving her hand to Mr. Butler, suffered herself to be led out of the room. Soon after, wrapped in her mantilla and with her jaunty little hat upon her head, she sauntered out of the front door and wandered off in the direction of a beechen wood which skirted the town and had once been a favorite walk of hers and Helen's.

"The air is a little chilly. Are you warmly wrapped?" asked Mr. Butler, as he folded the mantle yet closer about her shoulders.

We shall not follow them in their walk or pause to recount the sad conversation which she and her lover held. Madge felt that her once healthy and exuberant spirits were sinking under the pressure of troubles. But perhaps he to whom she had given her heart now soothed and comforted her with promises and pictures of the future.

Mournful indeed it was, after the funeral service (which was performed by the same kind clergyman who had married Helen), to see the family and friends one by one come up to take a last look at her who in life had been so dearly loved. First came the grief-stricken husband and mother; then Madge, leaning on Mr. Butler's arm; following her were Col. and Mrs. Vertner; then the friends and acquaintances of the town and country. Next came the negroes, all neatly dressed, their black and brown faces beaming with a cordial and loving sadness. Mammy's black, rugged face worked with pain as she looked fondly down upon Helen, and great tears fell from her eyes; her lips worked as if words were struggling for utterance. At length she could stand it no longer, and, forgetful of the *decent* solemnities of the scene and place and oblivious of strangers, she burst forth in a long, loud cry of lamentation as some of the other negroes hastily bore her from the room.

"Dar lays one o' God's own angels, what was too good for dis ar airth; so He done took her off to Heself."

"Dust to dust!" exclaimed the minister as the coffin was let down into the vaulted grave. The friends gathered close—to the very brink. Some threw in flowers, evergreens and sprigs. Madge dropped a large full-blown japonica.

"It was Helen's favorite flower," she said, in a whisper, as she let it fall upon the plated lid of the coffin, "and it shall be my last gift to her."

Slowly, in groups, pairs, or one by one, the mourners, friends and acquaintances turned away from the new-made grave to seek their different homes or pursuits. Hearse, carriage and foot-passenger had retired. Mother, husband, and friend had left the grave. One—only one—remained, and she was the faithful old nurse, Helen's mammy. The sexton and grave-digger still lingered; the latter, with his reversed spade, had smoothed and shaped down the moist earth to a grave form, and now rested upon his mattock, looking anxiously at the old negro, who was seated upon the ground beside the grave, patting it down with her hand, as though she were trying to compose and soothe the sleeper below.

"Well, aunty," said the man, "we all has our time to die; hern has jist come a little sooner than the rest of us; but we's all bound to foller, sometime."

"Yes, yes, I knows it," muttered the woman; "but she was an angel. She was too good for dis airth. I never seed her mad or heard her speak a rough word to anybody. When her ma used to scold her, an' dat she did mighty often, she never spoke back, or seemed de least put out or cross. De Lord jist seed dat she was too good fur down here, an' He done tuck her up yonder, whar she'll w'ar de white robe an' sing de song of de Lamb. I tells you, I knows all 'bout dis dear baby dat sleeps in dis grave. I was her nurse, her mammy, and I knowed her well as my own chile."

She laid her head down upon the grave and threw her arm across it.

"Wal, I s'pose," said the man, "you'll have a fine tombstone to cover her over? Rich folks don't bury like poor ones. In thar lives they live better than poor uns, and so they sleeps grander in thar graves. I s'pose now, because your young mistress was rich, she'll have a big stone with her name on it, a-tellin' everybody how good she was."

"I tells yer," replied the woman, "you ain't got stone clean and white enuff to write her name on. She was de best of de good."

Weeks flew by, and Time, that angel of the grief-stricken, brought peace and seeming content, to Helen Norton's widowed husband and bereaved mother. But in Madge's heart she was less a memory than a presence. Once a week she went to that monumental grave with her offering of flowers, which were ofttimes watered with her tears.

Mr. Butler had left for England, and our young heroine had now all her time at her own disposal. At first, sad and listlessly, she resumed her old life. Silk came out from the stall, where she had, no doubt, mourned, in her dumb way, her mistress's change. Rover, with a joyous bark, sprang forth from the kennel to receive Madge's pat of welcome; and, with jibe, joke and yarn, Pomp returned to his old vocation from which crewhile he had been banished. Once again through the autumn woods, with crisp leaves rattling and rustling beneath her horse's hoofs, Madge rushed like a sprite, and again the uplands rung with the echoes of her merriment, as Pomp and Rover dashed swiftly after her. Col. Vertner saw with delight the shadow fade from his daughter's brow, and the health-bloom burst like a spring rose over her cheek, as she returned to her old pastimes and pleasures. All again was jocund and joyous, and the father fondly hoped that his child would forget that there were such things as death and trouble in the world.

Long, loving letters came from Mr. Butler by every steamer. They were Madge's first love-letters, and with what a curious, half thoughtful, half quizzical, beaming, timid, loving eye she glanced over them, pausing to note every word—reading them not once, but many times a day, then carefully laying them away in a corner of an ornamented portfolio which she had bought for the express purpose. Ah! a girl's first love-letter is the first event in her heart-life. How daintily she handles it—how she guards it from soil or taint, folds it in the same folds, places it in the same envelope, and stores it away with perfumes, even as she keeps the memory of the writer fragrant in the choicest corner of her heart!

Thus days, weeks and months glided onward, to her, chronicled only by some new joy. The weary negroes, the strong, energetic ones, with the idle, lazy, drivelling and discontented of Vertner Place, still plodded on in their usual manner. Miss Madge, like a stray sunbeam, came often to the quarter to "make sunshine in a shady place" for those poor negroes; and of winter evenings, with her book in hand (for now she was herself beginning to like to read), she came, and, taking the central seat in Aunt Polly's cabin, read to those simple, listening creatures, strange, wild stories of the sea or fairy extravaganzas, or those singular, and valuable stories of the Old Testament. How earnestly they listened to her, and how eager they were to learn! They plied Madge with questions and oftentimes puzzled her ingenuity for a reply.

We, who know the negro best—have seen him in his dreary slave shamble—have talked with him in his privacy by the dim light of his own cabin fire—know how wildly and intensely he longs for the smallest item of knowledge—how, like a hungry spirit, he stands begging for the very crumbs!

DSCHELADEDDIN.

[The following lines are translated by Tholuck from a famous Mahommedan mystic, whose extremely unpronounceable name stands above. But, though famous in the East, his name is not to be found in our Biographical Dictionaries, nor even in the New American Cyclopædia. He belongs to that class of Sufis who are to Mohammedanism what Jacob Boehme is to Lutheranism, and what Emerson is to Unitarianism. In all religions, such mystical writers have appeared, by a re-action from external to internal revelation; and the unity of their doctrines, whether uttered in India, Persia, Germany, or New England, is a striking proof of the reality of an internal revelation of God to the human soul. The present version has not before been printed.—*Journal Am. Unitarian Association.*]

"Allah, Allah!" cried the sick man, racked with pain the long night through;
Till with prayer his heart grew tender, till his lips like honey grew.

But at morning came the Tempter; said, "Call louder, child of Pain!
See if Allah ever hear, or answers, '*Here am I*,' again."

Like a stab, the cruel cavil through his brain and pulses went;
To his heart an icy coldness, to his brain a darkness, sent.

Then, before him, stands Elias; says, "My child, why thus dismayed?
Dost repent thy former fervor? Is thy soul of prayer afraid?"

"Ah!" he cried, "I've called so often; never heard the 'Here am I';
And I thought, God will not pity; will not turn on me his eye."

Then the grave Elias answered, "God said, Rise, Elias; go
Speak to him, the sorely tempted; lift him from his gulf of woe.

"Tell him that his very longing is itself an answering cry;
That *his* prayer, 'Come, gracious Allah!' is *my* answer, 'Here am I.'

"Every inmost aspiration is God's angel undefiled;
And in every 'O my Father!' slumbers deep a 'Here, my child.'"

A STREET SWEEPER'S STORY.

The late Mr. Simcox, of Harbourne, near Birmingham, was on one occasion in London, when he was obliged, in consequence of a heavy shower of rain, to take shelter under an archway. The rain continued for a long time with unabated violence, and he was consequently obliged to remain in his place of shelter, though beginning to suffer from his prolonged exposure to the cold and damp atmosphere. Under these circumstances he was agreeably surprised when the door of a handsome house immediately opposite was opened and a footman in a splendid livery with an umbrella approached with his master's compliments, that he had observed the gentleman standing so long under the archway that he feared he might take cold, and would therefore be glad if he would come and take shelter in his house—an invitation which Mr. Simcox gladly accepted.

He was ushered into a handsomely furnished dining-room, where the master of the house was sitting, and received from him a friendly welcome. Scarcely, however, had Mr. Simcox set eyes on his host, than he was struck with a vague remembrance of having seen him before; but where, or in what circumstances, he found himself unable to call to mind. The gentlemen soon engaged in interesting and animated conversation, which was carried on with increasing mutual respect and confidence; while all the time this remembrance kept constantly recurring to Mr. Simcox, whose inquiring glance at last betrayed to his host what was passing in his mind. "You seem, sir," said he, "to look at me as though you had seen me before." Mr. Simcox acknowledged that his host was right in his conjectures, but confessed his entire inability to recall the occasion.

"You are right, sir," replied the old gentleman, "and if you will pledge me your word as a man of honor not to disclose to any one that which I am now going to tell you, until you have seen the notice of my death in the London papers, I have no objection to remind you where and how you have seen me. In St. James's Park, near Spring Gardens, you may pass every day a man who sweeps a crossing there, and whose begging is attended by this strange peculiarity—that whatever be the amount of the alms bestowed on him, he will retain only a half-penny, and will scrupulously return to the donor all the rest. Such an unusual proceeding naturally excites the curiosity of those who hear of it; and any one who has himself made the experiment, when he happens to be walking by with a friend, is almost sure to say to him: 'Do you see that old fellow there? He is the strangest beggar you ever saw in your life. If you give him sixpence he will be sure to give you five-pence half-penny back again.' Of course his friend makes the experiment, which turns out as predicted; and, as crowds of people are continually passing, there are numbers of persons every day who make the same trial; and thus the old man gets many a half-penny from the curiosity of the passers-by, in addition to what he obtains from their compassion.

"I, sir," continued the old gentleman, "am that beggar. Many years ago, I first hit upon this expedient for the relief of my then pressing necessities, for I was at that time utterly destitute; but finding the scheme answer beyond my expectations, I was induced to carry it on until I had at last, with the aid of profitable investments, realized a handsome fortune, enabling me to live in the comfort in which you find me this day. And now, sir, such is the force of habit, that although I am no longer under any necessity for continuing the plan, I find myself quite unable to give it up; and accordingly, every morning I leave home, apparently for business purposes, and go to a room where I put on my old beggar's clothes, and continue sweeping my crossing in the park till a certain hour in the afternoon, when I go back to my room, resume my usual dress, and return home in time for dinner as you see me this day."

Mr. Simcox scrupulously fulfilled his pledge; but having seen in the London papers the announcement of the beggar's death, he then communicated this strange story to a friend.—*London paper.*

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

MRS. GRAY'S JEWELS.

A breast pin with a hundred pearls! a mound of lucent orbs. Look at their tender purity; see how they increase in size toward the centre; what a beautiful gift!

But as Mrs. Placide pinned her collar, and I glanced at her head, and the materiality of her whole expression, I said mentally, "They don't belong to her; they give nothing to her and get nothing from her; they have no language or suggestiveness on her bosom but that of cost."

"It seems we all received jewels this New Year," said Mrs. Douceur, looking around the company.

I instinctively covered the pin I wore, with my hand, reckoning in my own hurt heart its cost; reckoning the pain of those nights when, turning from side to side, I bathed and caressed the weary head, lifting with tender hands this shining black hair; reckoning the tears of those large and unsleeping eyes; reckoning the years of tears and pain wrought into my jewel, ere I could wear it thus. Not pearls or diamonds, not crystals of carbon or lime, but sorrow, and night, and star-shine form this, my jewel, which I wear on my breast.

Mrs. Gray was the only woman present who had no New Year's gift to show; and she said so, but I did not discover in her tones any feeling because she was the only exception. Her dark face was wrinkled with experience; for when forty years have faithfully planted and reaped the human soul, and gathered the crops, the outer surface shows the effect of the plough and harrow. Two or three well-dressed women looked toward this neglected, plain woman, some with compassion, and some with evident self-gratulation at what seemed to them their better fortune. But, glancing sideways toward her—for there was something in this dark, unhandsome face, something in the ungraceful but generous presence that coaxed my eye, and I constantly advanced and retreated toward and from her with interest—I saw suddenly, in the place of her face, another like, and unlike it. It was like in plan and quality, but infinitely enhanced in expression, and free from the accidental defects that marred its prototype. It was exalted and tender in sentiment, with signs of reasoning and reflection in its seriousness. Experience had informed this phantom face without leaving any harsh lines or reminder of pain upon it. But, above all, a happy grace seemed to incline it forward in a listening attitude, so illustrative of the words "immortal youth" that I was about to make an exclamation of delight, when I was recalled to myself by my own motion. I looked around; there were the faces that appeared fair a few minutes before—Mrs. Placide, with her empty eyes; Mrs. Durer, with her thread-and-needle industry of mien; Mrs. Douceur, with a peach-preserve lusciousness of expression, and the pert, self-hood-ed Miss Ramond; Miss Flipper, frisky and giggling, and an empty seed pod of a well-bred lady. They all seemed fair women, some even pretty a few minutes before, but now my eyes hunted for their charms, and could find only their clothes, and dim ghosts of thought wandering about the lines of their faces—very dim ghosts indeed. Their conversation was about patterns, preserves, accidents, details of love affairs, and it was curious to observe how successfully they steered clear of any generalizing principle, and how they clung to personalities. Like most women, however, they were often moved by intuitions of love and charity."

Now the baby was brought in. The Irish nurse dropped her bundle of embroidery and rebellious legs, and, glad to be relieved for a few moments of her troublesome charge, stood listening with ignorant satisfaction to a history of its remarkable doings and sayings.

"It is the dearest little pet, and has such a cunning wilfulness; we delight to spoil her. See, there it is already! Ah, Biddy, Biddy, she will break the mirror! take the shell away from her!"

Blossy had seized a sea-shell from the etagère and made straight from her nurse's arms to the mirror, aiming at the reflection of her mischievous face, and laughing at her own daring. She looked sideways toward her mother, just in time to miss her aim and save the glass. Mrs. Gray's steady eyes watched her. Biddy coaxed; Blossy ran until she felt herself caught, then threw the shell. Crash went a Parian marble vase, and the scent of hot-house roses and heliotrope filled the room. After some confusion, Blossy was decoyed into a seat on the sofa, between two ladies who had laughed heartily at her bold exploits.

Mrs. Placide appeared to feel complimented by the attention her child had attracted, and proceeded to describe many other wanton humors and tricks, which she seemed to regard as promises of quick intellect and spirit. Meanwhile, Blossy began to kick at the ladies, pull their dresses, then to climb with peculiarly intrusive freedom into their laps, and, as I have seen children many times, seemed to take a malicious pleasure in imposing on the forbearance of her victims. The mother, anxious evidently not to provoke another scene, permitted her to go on pulling at their hair, at their work, to climb up and down, poke into their faces, until, impatient of the little notice she attracted—for children have a peculiar jealousy of attention—she slipped down to the floor, and, under a new inspiration, ran to the piano and began to strike the keys with both hands.

The ladies raised their voices, and conversation went on, while Blossy beat with all the force of her malicious little spirit, once in awhile furtively glancing around to see the effect.

At length the din compelled Mrs. Placide to interfere; the child kicked, struggled, yelled, struck at its mother, while she delivered it to Biddy, who disappeared from the door, with a lock of her hair in the fist of the "dearest little pet," who, clutching for more, seemed in a fair way to vanquish her enemy.

Mrs. Gray said to me, in an undertone, "A dog, a bird, a monkey for a pet—but a child! It is painful to see everything that is precious in the care of children given into the hands of menials, and the mother using her child only as a toy for idle moments! What kind of correction do you suppose Biddy is giving the 'pet,' at this present moment, while the mother reposes from the recent encounter?"

"How would you correct her, Mrs. Gray?"

"I should not strike her or use any arts to coax her into obedience, but should show an honest indignation at her wanton interruption of our comfort. I would make her feel by my looks, my words and tones the force of my displeasure."

"Do you mean you would reprove a child in anger?"

"I mean I would meet the child sincerely, and show what I feel in this as in any other case. A wise anger is possible, and a healthful natural condition. You must bend to the condition of the child in the spirit of the moment to have any proper effect. After time has passed, and the offence is forgotten by the child, an adequate correction is impossible; it is either too weak to command a proper obedience, or it seems harsh and vindictive. I speak now of children too young to understand intellectual counsel. It seems to me better to govern in a good vigorous gust of displeasure than to wheedle, and coax, and compromise, and end in a system of cowardly artifices, which give the child a most unwholesome sense of power, and I should think would give a mother an equally unwholesome sense of weakness and degradation."

"But, Mrs. Gray, don't your children lose their respect for you if they see you in a fit of passion?"

"Of course, if it is unreasonable. I am advocating self-government as well as child-government. I believe it is possible and necessary many times to 'be angry and sin not,' and I think there is less hardness in the government that is spontaneous than in one formed from any theories; and certainly to reach down to the level of a child, in a spirit of justice, is far better, even when moved to anger, than to compromise with and foster the evils we are too weak to correct."

"But, Mrs. Gray," interrupted Mrs. Placide, who had heard the last remark, "I cannot think children should ever see a mother's face disfigured with anger; they ought not to feel that we correct them because we are displeased, but for their good."

"Which, it seems to me, is not the truth. If they encroach wilfully on your comfort, you are displeased, or ought to be; you wish to correct them in such a way as to make them feel your rights, as well as their own selfishness; and I think it is better that they should see sincere displeasure on the mother's face than an insincere mildness, or irresolution, or encouragement of their selfish whims. But we must live with our children sympathetically in order to govern them wisely; we must be their helpers, not their tyrants, and they should be companions in our cares sometimes, as we theirs in play. They can never be higher or lovelier than children, never lower than pets. In that word, I see the self-indulgent mother, careless of the subtle influences working every moment on her child for good or evil, trusting their bodies and minds to ignorant and coarse menials. I see the child drinking in with its lullaby, on the bosom of a hireling, superstitious fears, and innumerable errors of thought and feeling, which show on occasions"——like this, she was going to say, but checked herself, adding—"I did not think of giving a lecture on family government when I began, but that word 'pet' has always seemed to me to embody a world of mischief."

The same curious drawing of my eye as before led me to regard Mrs. Gray as she finished her remark. Mrs. Placide suddenly checked the conversation by a proposal to walk to the pond, to see the skaters. I observed Mrs. Gray's hands, as she put by her sewing, were naturally small and well formed, but were disfigured by callous spots, and marred by accidents to the nails, and looked at first glance unseemly. While I observed them, and was thinking she must have labored, and was practically a helper to her children, and undoubtedly got these scars in love-loyal service, and in preserving her children from the contaminating influence of ignorant or vicious servants, and just as I was getting a clew to her novel theories of government, I saw another hand, and yet the same—delicate, well shapen, with rosy-tipped fingers, unmarred and tender. The wrist! what is that! a bracelet of violet stones! and in the liquid light of the large centre stone, three small yellow gems wink with a tender love-light. Lapis lazuli! a bracelet of lapis lazuli, embedding three yellow pyrites! The name dropped into my thought as from some foreign source. "Ah! I see your New Year's jewels," I said to myself; "I see how a wise husband adorns his wife; there is another kind of living and dressing than this outward"; and, turning to the ladies as they stepped on to the piazza, I was surprised to see how dead Mrs. Placide's pearls looked, and that Mrs. Douceur's fair and dimpled hands looked lumpy because a spirit of use had not informed their action.

The pond was gay with skaters. The zig-zag motions, the ever-gliding-away, the ever-returning, the mingling of colors, the billowy motion of hoops, the girls, with cheeks kindled by exercise and frosty air, the bold grace of boys, scudding carelessly in whirls, "cutting names" and "spread eagles," made gay hearts gayer, and put sad hearts and crouching spirits on their legs, and they waltzed and kept time to the joyous motion of youth and health.

While Mrs. Gray was stooping to help a little awkward boy, who had sat so long in fruitless effort to strap on his skates that his dumpy body had nearly melted its impress on the ice, I was regarding three children, each conspicuous for some peculiar grace or beauty. The oldest, a boy of about fourteen, was tall and slender; he had dark hair, skin and eyes, very much softened and enriched by a golden glow. In his cheeks the yellow melted and deepened into a red of such fruity color that, afterward, when I kissed him, as I did many times, I always bit him. His lips were full, but not over large, his features small, and lines coquetted with lines in such endless play that the eye was constantly decoyed by the charming game. His teeth were even, clear and well set; and his figure, as it swayed to and fro, expressed refinement, and a nicety of mechanical calculation. He was modestly gallant among the girls, but I was best pleased with his stopping to assist awkward skaters, and his patient endeavor to get a clumsy woman on her feet, and across the pond, and more than once I saw him mending broken straps, for it seemed to be understood that his pocket was a magazine of twine, leather, gimlets and jack-knives.

"Strike out, strike out," shouted a little girl to the dumpy, who at length, equipped by Mrs. Gray, was making his first essays to keep on his legs, which, straddling and sideling, were as threatening in their aspect toward their "union" as certain refractory States in the larger body politic. The little face beside me blossomed out of a cluster of light-brown curls, and varied every moment with the quick sensitiveness of a nervous nature. "Strike out, Jim, this way," and her graceful little figure glided up to the helpless boy, who stood bent forward, with legs astray, unable to move and not quite ready to fall. The fine action of her well-formed limbs was shown by the short skirt, and the full drawers revealed the dexterous grace of her feet.

Taking the queer craft in tow, her pretty features working with mirth and kindliness, she kept the outskirts of the pond, left her companions, and, like a fair angel, copied the bright day in her beneficence to this dull boy. The white clouds that floated in the blue above seemed to have lent her grace; the transparence of ice and the whiteness of snow were repeated in her pure face, and the sparkle of the sun in the frosty air was reflected in her sympathetic eyes.

"Whose child is this big-headed boy with such gravity of motion?" said I to Mrs. Durer.

"That boy with blue eyes, you ought to know him by his hair. These Grays all have peculiar hair, like their father. You see how much this Frank looks like his sister, the little girl in the blue skating-dress, who is teaching that clumsy boy; and that," pointing to the handsome skate-mender, "is the oldest brother, Arthur."

"They all have picturesque heads," said I. "This boy is peculiarly promising in his healthy ample mould, in the clear blue of his eye, the honest mouth, and the directness of all his movements. Mrs. Durer, when I see such children, I venture to assert there is a true marriage in the back-ground, and I should like to hunt it up."

"Mr. and Mrs. Gray, without doubt, would interest you, but they are altogether too sentimental, transcendental, up-in-the-cloud sort of people for me. I like the rounded character of this Elfen: just observe her self-contained manner, and the independent poise of her head."

I looked at the young lady alluded to by Mrs. P——. I had met her before, and knew her to have a good understanding of common things, narrow sympathies, small intuition, and very active self-conceit. Her face was round and rosy, her head broad and low, neck short, manners brusque to associates and irreverent to seniors. Benevolence and ideality depressed by much snubbing, a steep declivity from Self-esteem down to the Perceptives, which were large.

"Without doubt, this Ellen will know how to secure this world's comforts, but there is also practical wisdom in fostering the sentiments and the ideal nature, and in clothing the spirit as well as the body, and this Mrs. Gray may be well rounded in the most exalted sense, although she is what you call a sentimentalist. Many a soul, through infidelity to its highest intuitions, will be surprised, I imagine, at its squalid, thin, miserable condition, when the body falls away with its disguises. I don't disparage the care of the body; I like this Lucy's health and capacity to enjoy material things, but I should like her still better with the added graces of poetry and spirituality."

The party dispersed in groups and pairs, as the sun, declining, webbed a copse of evergreen with its golden threads. The last boy had shouldered his skates and disappeared around the curve of the hill. Mrs. Placide's friends returned to her house to take tea with their expected husbands.

I plead an engagement, and remained in the ravine, strolling about to watch the departure of the day, and the arrival of those night-guests, the moon and stars. Oh, strong and living Sun! pour thy crimson and purple strength all over my heart; teach my judgment thy impartial laws! Streaming away up into mid-heaven, tender violet light quite touched the silver rays of the rising moon, the wedded colors fell on my up-raised praying face with such tender blessing that I said aloud, "I will go up to your high love, oh sun and moon, and to your truth." The evening star, stepping forth from the dusky blue, sent a searching glance to my far-down heart and responded to my prayer—"I will help you." The white earth said, "I, too, am arrayed for your coming, oh sister-spheres; I have hid my stains; look on my white bosom, take me into your mystic circle, let me sing a repentant song, albeit it add a woful strain, such as you have never heard in all the ages of your harmony." So we sung and prayed together, the earth and I, and the moon and the stars looked at us, and we all stood together in the great congregation—I, a little dark speck in one of earth's ravines, lifting my head up among the sons of God, and essaying to sing in their choral.

That night I spent, by invitation, at the Grays. I know I carried star-beams with me into their family circle, for what I said and did made them happy, and I, by the heaven-light I had brought in from the ravine, could read their souls. Mr. Gray sat at a table, drawing; the scene was a prison-hall. A stern old warrior, wrinkled and scarred by many battles for the freedom of the enslaved African, is going forth to the gallows. His crime is an attempt to do for the black man what Washington and other heroes have done for their own nations. His purpose was greater than theirs, because it was to benefit a people not his own, and more degraded by law and prejudice than any people, by any nation, have ever been. Surrounded by the sheriff, the jailer, slaveholders, and a mixed group of spectators, he sees a slave-mother among them, and bends over the child she bears on her bosom and kisses it.

This was the act Mr. Gray was recording with his pencil. Mabel, his daughter, who was quite a little artist, had a portfolio of negro babies, which she had been studying and collecting from the neighborhood, and was showing them to her big-headed brother Frank. He could scarcely be got to notice them, for he, too, had a pet study, which was announced by a box of bones, which he examined with great care and delight, looking now and then at a cat's tooth or a hen's vertebrae with scientific fondness. Arthur was carving peach-stone ornaments for some favorite's châtelaine. Mrs. Gray read aloud.

I sat regarding Mr. Gray; his forehead, as he leaned over his drawing, was radiant in its own thought-atmosphere, and the clustering hair, tinged with the parent gold from which all the children had derived their lustrous color, gave a youthful glow to his head, which had otherwise a middle-age maturity. The blue of his eyes was the blue of mist on the rim of waters; it might be called steel-gray, only it was too soft. His delicate fingers handled the pencil skilfully, and his subject revealed the moral grace of his spirit.

And these are the cloud-people! the silly sentimentalists that I have heard about! the foolish people who married for love, lived for love, whose children were born in love, and are likely to have little else in their inheritance but love!

I turned my eye to take in the whole group, and I saw, instead, a halo of light, in which no figures could be discerned—then slowly from the white haze appeared the hands of a man dropping gems. Diamonds—some in their native earths, some in their last polish—cut in varied and original shapes, pearls, rubies, emeralds, garnets, sometimes common crystals and pebbles fell, and the munificent hand held each before dropping it, as if in recognition of its value and to impress it on the recipients. This rain of gems ceased, and then appeared the smiling face of the donor, pleased with his own charities, bending over the group below. The phantom-form and face I had seen in the place of Mrs. Gray's now appeared beside this figure, and the wrist of the extended hand had on the lapis lazuli bracelet, but the hand held a spray of red and orange flowers; they drooped in luxuriant clusters of small blossoms, as if heavy with their own fulness. The orange of every flower melted into a purple, and from that into a liquid violet, and then into mist, which passed off in faintly tinted exhalations. These gems and flowers, by an inherent principle, draw the yet undeveloped figures of the sphere into observation, and three golden beads appeared; into their bosoms the fragrance of these flowers distilled like dew, and all over them the light of gems fell, and they danced in delight and called themselves rainbows. Music seemed to have been imprisoned in the gems and flowers; and whenever the children moved among them, delicious harmony sprung up and governed the motions of the dancing spirits.

And these, I said, are cloud-people! and this is the way they live, and love, and give! and while I thought thus, the light I brought in with me from the setting sun, the moon, the evening star, and the white earth shone from me, and the halo lifted, and let me into the love-sphere, and I danced the dance of the sentiments with Artists, Poets, and Cloud-people.

A COURT LADY.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Her hair was tawny with gold, her eyes with purple were dark;
Her cheeks' pale opal burnt with a red and restless spark.

Never was lady of Milan nobler in name and in race;
Never was lady of Italy fairer to see in the face.

Never was lady on earth more true as woman and wife,
Larger in judgment and instinct, prouder in manners and life.

She stood in the early morning, and said to her maidens, "Bring
That silken robe made ready to wear at the court of the king.

"Bring me the clasps of diamond, lucid, clear of the mote,
Clasp me the large at the waist, and clasp me the small at the throat.

"Diamonds to fasten the hair, and diamonds to fasten the sleeves;
Laces to drop from their rays, like a powder of snow from the eaves."

Gorgeous she entered the sunlight which gathered her up in a flame,
While, straight in her open carriage, she to the hospital came.

In she went at the door, and gazing from end to end,
"Many and low are the pallets, but each is the place of a friend."

Up she passed through the wards, and stood at a young man's bed;
Bloody the band on his brow, and livid the droop of his head.

"Art thou a Lombard, my brother? Happy art thou," she cried,
And smiled like Italy on him: he dreamed in her face and died.

Pale with his passing soul, she went on still to a second:
He was a grave, hard man, whose years by dungeons were reckoned.

Wounds in his body were sore, wounds in his life were sorer.
"Art thou a Romagnole?" Her eyes drove lightnings before her.

"Austrian and priest had joined to double and tighten the cord
Able to bind thee, O strong one!—free by the stroke of a sword.

"Now be grave for the rest of us, using the life overcast
To ripen our wine of the present (too new) in glooms of the past."

Down she stepped to a pallet where lay a face like a girl's,
Young, and pathetic with dying—a deep black hole in the curls.

"Art thou from Tuscany, brother? and seest thou, dreaming in pain,
Thy mother stand in the piazza, searching the list of the slain?"

Kind as a mother herself, she touched his cheeks with her hands:
"Blessed is she who has borne thee, although she should weep as she stands."

On she passed to a Frenchman, his arm carried off by a ball:
Kneeling, . . "O more than my brother! how shall I thank thee for all?

"Each of the heroes around us has fought for his land and line;
But thou hast fought for a stranger, in hate of a wrong not thine.

"Happy are all free peoples, too strong to be dispossessed;
But blessed are those among nations who dare to be strong for the rest!"

Ever she passed on her way, and came to a couch where pined
One with a face from Venetia, white with a hope out of mind.

Long she stood and gazed, and twice she tried at the name,
But two great crystal tears were all that faltered and came.

Only a tear for Venice!—she turned as in passion and loss,
And stooped to his forehead and kissed it, as if she were kissing the cross.

Faint with that strain of heart, she moved on then to another,
Stern and strong in his death. "And dost thou suffer, my brother?"

Holding his hands in hers: "Out of the Piedmont lion
Cometh the sweetness of freedom! sweetest to live or to die on."

Holding his cold rough hands—"Well, oh, well have ye done
In noble, noble Piedmont, who would not be noble alone."

Back he fell while she spoke. She rose to her feet with a spring—
"That was a Piedmontese! and this is the Court of the King."

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

A Literary Curiosity.—The following is a *verbatim* copy of a notice found posted on the walls, in Bonhill, a few days ago: "Notice given by unployed men we are leaving to the generocity of Inn keepers and groceries and all other men of Abilitys we ar obleaged to call on them in the case of needdessidy and we expect that you will be no worse more the other countrys or the other towns Afternoon at 3 o'clock."

Crinoline in Africa.—The rage of crinoline has extended to Kaffirland. *The Graham's Town Journal* says: "The native women are following the fashion. An ironmonger in this city has sold within the past fortnight upwards of one hundred weight of iron wire to the colored ladies of this location. It is purchased in six-penny lots, that sum being sufficient to obtain enough to extend a dress after the most extended and approved fashion."

Houses and Families.—A good story is told of the Murrays of Blackbarony, now represented by Mr. Murray, of Mount Melville, in Scotland. An ancestor of that clan, who was ridiculously proud of his lineage, said to his friend Sir John Sinclair, who was talking of old families, "Sir, there are plenty of very old and very good families in all countries, and in Scotland, too; but there are only three *houses* in Europe—the Bourbons of France, the Hapsburgs of Austria, and the Murrays of Blackbarony."—*Once a Week.*

Literary Disc